

prominent men in the House, have to dodge about looking for constituencies willing to elect them. Promises have to be made—and broken; trying campaigns endured and many humiliations suffered by all. Leaders are pursued, importuned and abused, plots are hatched and threats muttered, amongst their own supporters. In the constituencies which they represent, ambitious young men feel that they are being kept out of a chance to be Prime Minister by these leaders who are forced upon the electors by the party organization. The result is the same. The "nest of traitors" was a good example of it in Parliament, and the defeat every now and then of a prominent man or his flight from one constituency to another indicates the workings of the disposition to get rid of the old fellows and give the young men a chance. Taken altogether, it is one of the unhappiest phases of politics, and needs only to be understood by those who are thinking of taking a hand in the game, to keep them out of it.

POLITICS bring together strange bed-fellows. Mr. W. R. Brock, Conservative candidate in Center Toronto, among other things asks for public confidence to be placed in him because he has never travelled on a railway pass. He says, according to the "Mail and Empire": "I will never allow myself to be hampered, or my independence sacrificed, by accepting passes from railways. You can rest assured that if you elect me as your representative I will not accept passes. I don't think a man can retain his independence while he rests under obligations to the railway companies for free transportation."

In the next constituency another equally estimable and upright gentleman, Mr. E. B. Osler, who is a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is asking the people of West Toronto to spurn the thought that he would be in any wise tempted to betray his constituents in order to further the interests of the railroad on whose board he occupies so influential a place. Personally, I think that both Mr. Brock and Mr. Osler are of much too large a size morally and commercially to sacrifice the interests of Toronto on account of a pass or a position on a railroad board, but under the circumstances I would like to know what they think of one another. If Mr. Brock fears that he could be influenced by such a trifles as a pass, he must really shudder to think of what will become of Mr. Osler and West Toronto when there is a railroad directorship liable to embarrass Mr. Osler if elected. Mr. Osler, on the other hand, feeling perfectly safe in his independence though he is a railroad director, must view with pity the timidity of Mr. Brock, who is afraid of a pass, or else suspect that the Conservative candidate in Center Toronto is talking buncombe.

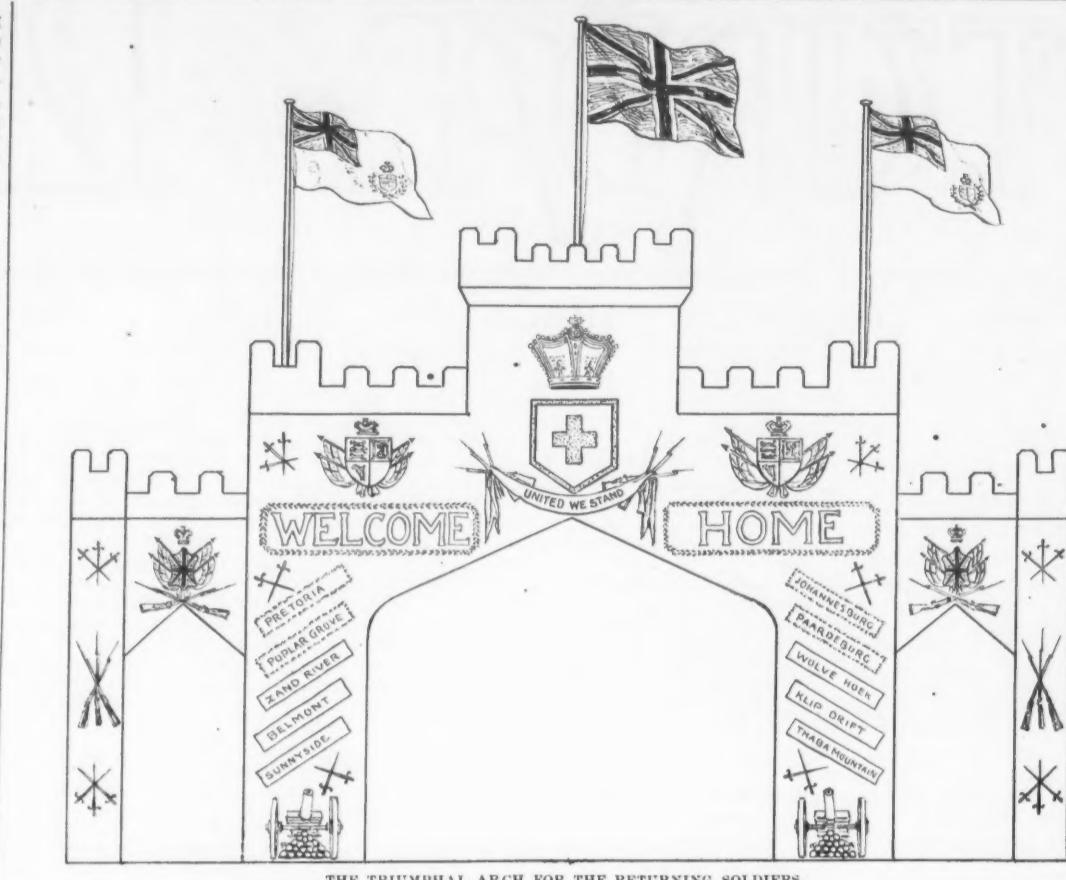
MOOSSA AND OTHERS OF THE BOUNDARIES," by W. A. Fraser, published by William Briggs, Toronto, is as good an example of the art preservative as has ever been issued in Canada. The author, as everybody knows, is a Canadian who has already secured a high place as a novelist, not only in Canada, but in Great Britain and the United States. The numerous and beautiful illustrations are by Heming, and the artistic cover design by Gordon, both of Hamilton. The paper was made in Georgetown, and the printing and binding were done in the Methodist Book Room. The result is as handsome a book as can be produced in London or New York. The story is something after the style of the "Jungle Tales," and also has quite a flavor of Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," but it has a purpose and style all its own. Mr. Fraser introduces it as "a simple romance of a simple people, the furred dwellers of the northern forest," which came to him from time to time during the six seasons he spent on the Athabasca and Saskatchewan rivers in the far North-West of Canada. "Several of the little tales," he tells us, "are absolutely true," and I envy him his experience as he "listened to famous trappers as they spoke with enthusiastic vividness of the most fascinating life in the world—the fur-winner's calling." "Moosha, the moose, the protector of the boy." Mr. Fraser tells us, "is still plentiful in the forests of the Athabasca, and is the embodiment of dignity among animals." The bear, the black fox, his mother and baby brother; the blue wolf, the wolverine, the lynx, the beaver, the rabbit, the marten, the otter, the mink, the muskrat, the skunk, the badger, and other animals, together with Francois, the French half-breed trapper, half-breeds, trained dogs, and Rod, the son of Donald MacGregor, formerly the factor to the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Resolution, are among the characters in this vivid and thrilling story. It is not a book which can be reviewed, but a short extract is given on page 7 which will give the reader a good idea of the style and methods of the writer. To both old and young it will be a book of wonderful interest, and as a Christmas gift for boys it cannot be excelled. As a purely Canadian work of which both the author and his countrymen may be proud, it is a pleasure to give it this extended notice.

Social and Personal.

ONE can generally forecast the tone of the coming season by the first of the current month, and the winter which will see the close of the century and the opening of the next hundred years is now assured of being a bright and merry one. Summer lingers after the usual time for double sashes and furnace-glow, and on November 1st we are sitting with wide-open doors and windows, roses are blooming in gardens, small fruit has had a marvellous second crop here and there, shirt-waists are still seen on the streets, and the golfers are jubilant over their long continued chances at their beloved game. Then the home-coming of the soldier laddies, rousing the deepest feeling all over the city, has opened the hearts and pockets of paters, and good times for the young folks result. There are also quite a number of debutantes and "debutantes," as I heard the coming-out young men called, and for these teas and luncheons are being given "a la bonne heure" that people may realize their duty and duly enter their names in their invitation lists. Last, but by no means least, there are the brides, with wedding gowns and trousseau fineries to air, and new houses to "warm" and social obligations to acknowledge generally. It happens, moreover, that there are several smart newcomers who are keeping house, and who will do their share in making the social world revolve. Just as soon as the exciting excitement and anxiety are over, the dancing will begin, the dinner party will rear its sumptuous stupid or delightful head, the luncheon and the tea will hang on behind, the day will be shortened by nature and lengthened, according to Tom Moore, who sings:

"For the best of all ways to lengthen your days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!"

The Victoria Club always plunges first from summer into winter, by giving its annual ball in October. The usual function took place last week, Friday evening being its date. A good many persons are saying that the good Victorians had more than their usual success this year; at all events the rink never looked prettier, and to Mr. McArthur, as chief decorator, and Mr. William Goulding, to whose generous loan of his pretty Japanese decorations and screens the general effect is due, the thanks and compliments were many and repeated. From the lofty pitch of the raftered roof hung great umbrellas, gorgeously colored and interspersed with strange-shaped lanterns and myriads of flags. It was all very airy, and the novelty added charm to the quaint and graceful arrangement. Cosy corners, often draughty ones, were really cosy, and the mild night made them most agreeable resting-places. The supper was served in a huge marquee, portioning off the east end of the great rink, and the tent doors were guarded by red-coats, for without the military we can do nothing these days (and nights). The menu was elaborate, and everything served was exceedingly nice and toothsome. The central table, where feasted the committee, officers and patricianesses, was crowned with flowers and twinkling with pretty pink candles. The electric globes were covered with



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH FOR THE RETURNING SOLDIERS.

white, crossed with the scarlet of brave St. George, a saint very much in favor these gallant days! On the main floor, the rendezvous carried their usual sporty legends, and "Bowling," just to the left of the entrance, was the favorite of the patricianesses, for there a little throne place with Turkish rugs and great easy chairs was arranged. The president, the secretary, whose popular wife was not present, as reported, but confined to her home by illness, though his winsome, golden-haired debutante, Miss Mary Miles, was one of the belles, and several charming visitors, Miss Ward, of New York, guest of Miss Helen Strange; Miss Ravenshaw, of London, Eng.; Miss Gething, an English lady who is visiting Mrs. W. Goulding; Miss Carter, of Lloydtown; Miss Patterson, of Montreal, were also much sought after. Mrs. Magann was very sweet in white satin and chiffon; Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, wore white satin; Mrs. Goulding pale blue; Mrs. Armstrong and Mrs. Macbeth were in black; Miss Beatrice Myles in heliotrope with white fringe; Miss Wornum in white satin; Miss Vickers in gauze-grenadine, white, striped with apple-green; Miss White wore black chiffon; Mrs. Willoughby Cummings in black satin and lace; Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, both in black, such smart Paris frocks, which became them charmingly. Mrs. Harton Walker wore Venetian red; Mrs. Harry Patterson wore black, touched with silver; Miss Carter, of Lloydtown, a pretty fluffy pink chiffon; Mrs. Victor Armstrong a handsome white and black gown; Miss Falconbridge was as bright and pretty as always in a rich brocade; Miss Emily Falconbridge wore white lace over pink; Miss Norton, the Bishop of Toronto's fair little English niece, wore a rich lavender satin with white fringe. Mrs. George Hodgins was a much-welcomed visitor with her brother, Mr. Dickson Patterson. Mrs. Ince wore black, trimmed with lace and jet. Several of the officers, whose bright uniforms do so much to give a smart touch to a dance, were present, Colonel Montzambert, of Kingston, from which city came also a pretty girl, Miss McParland, in a smart black frock; Colonel Young and Mr. Fred Lister, in the scarlet so beloved just now; Major Myles, in the rich artillery mess uniform, and others. The usual bright coterie of young married women, whose programmes are always full, were even in greater form than ordinary. A very handsome girl was Miss Graeme Stewart, in pink satin, and Miss Aimee Buckner, in a vivid red frock, was one of the most besieged of the young set and admired for her very pretty dancing. Petite Miss Dottie Lamont, in white silk, with roses in her hair, was a picture of grace in the dance. Miss Dwight, Miss Hedley, Miss Mary Elwood, Miss Strange, Miss McArthur, Miss Warren, Miss McDonnell, and Miss Edith Heward wore black combined with color, and looked very well.

Miss Wornum gave a delightful eucrhe last week, on Thursday evening, in honor of Miss Ward, the charming guest of Miss Helen Strange. The young hostess, who was aided in receiving and looking after her party by her mother and Dr. Cattermole, was very handsome in a white gown touched with pink. The guests at this charming affair were Mrs. J. B. Laidlaw and her guest, Miss Thornton; Miss Strange and Miss Ward, Misses Bessie Lister, Gertrude and Muriel Brock, S. Mara, Birdie Warren, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Misses Ross, Kate Ross, Elsie Helliwell, Mary Miles, Marion Barker, Graeme Stewart, Meta Macbeth, and Messrs. Smart, Bryan, Vivien, Lockie, Jones, Warden, Woodbridge, Kirkpatrick, Ramsden, McGinn, Gunther, Noble, Douglas, Perry, Helliwell, and W. Laidlaw. Miss Ward and Mr. Noble took the prizes.

Miss Mowat's first reception proved a most popular rendezvous last week, the ball-room, where tea was served, being crowded with ladies and gentlemen from five to six o'clock. Miss Mowat and Mrs. Fred Mowat received in the first drawing-room, and Miss Biggar, very sweet and fair in a deep red gown with ermine trimming, and assisted by Mr. Sydney Band, was the bright presiding spirit in the tea-room. Everyone was calling that day, and consequently the usual greetings were multiplied. A distinguished and handsome military man was Colonel Montzambert, of Kingston. Mrs. Sweetman brought her English niece, Miss Norton; Mrs. Darling her bright debutante; Mrs. Miles her pretty young daughter; Mrs. Dignam the gentle fiancee of the gallant young Hollander, who is expected here, I am told, immediately; Mr. Nordheimer brought his sweet young daughter, Miss Gladys, and beside the young folk and their chaperones were many representative society leaders from the various quarters of the city.

Mrs. Irving Cameron's friends did not mind a drop of rain when the hour came to set out for her tea last Friday, but arrived in great numbers, and stayed late, finding the pretty flower-sweet rooms, the bright and beautiful tea-table and the clever and winning assistants able seconds of the pleasant welcome of their hostess, to make their afternoon hour most delightful, and the sulky elements without additionally uninviting. Lots of nice women, many stunning frocks, a few men, for only on Saturday can these busy folk frolic to the extent of a tea, foregathered in Mrs. Cameron's rooms from five to six o'clock. Mrs. Darling poured tea at a charmingly set table, and Miss Goodeham, with a girl friend or two, had charge of the dainties thereon. Miss Evelyn Cameron was introduced on Friday, and on Saturday a second tea, largely for the young set, was also given by Mrs. Cameron, whose son and daughter, a most delightful young couple indeed, are in danger of being blases of compliments.

The welcoming arch, of which we have a picture, through the courtesy of the designer, Mr. F. J. Ricard Seaver, is to be of white, edged with green and outlined in that triumph of modern decorative effect, strings of

electric lights. The reverse side is closely covered with evergreen, in the center of which a red shield with white medallion of the brave old hero, Bobs, will be set, encircled with flags. "Welcome" in white letters on a red ground will greet the warriors returning to a city simply aching to hold carnival in their honor. Scrolls of honor with South African victories and battles inscribed thereon, and swords, rifles and flags will be grouped with that eye to effect which makes all Mr. Ricard Seaver's designs "fascile princeps."

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Glackmeyer are at Mrs. Kilner's, 240 College street, for the winter, and Mrs. Glackmeyer receives on Tuesdays.

Mrs. Heaven and her daughters are settled for the winter in their new home, 40 Gerrard street east, and will be happy to receive their friends on the first and third Mondays of the month.

The Eduard Strauss Orchestra gave a treat to Toronto music lovers this week, and on Wednesday a smart audience turned out to hear their delightful playing. All was ensemble work, and in his own waltzes the leader appeared violin in hand, and led and conducted by turns. Massey Hall was fairly filled, among those present being Mrs. Fred Mowat, Mr. Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Ethel Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Miss Helen Beardmore, Miss and Miss Pearl Macdonald, Captain and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Edith Jarvis and her fiance, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. A. S. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Miss Marion Laidlaw, Rev. Sutherland Macklem, Mr. Douglas Macklem, who has recently come from England, and Dr. and Mrs. Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam have taken 62 Madison avenue, and will soon be settled there. Mrs. Suydam is always a charming hostess, and while she was boarding her friends missed many happy hours spent in her always lovely home.

Mr. George Ritchie has been away in Philadelphia. Mrs. Ritchie has been slightly indisposed from a cold. Mr. Mackenzie, of London, spent a few days in town with his fiancee, Miss Agnes Vickers, at her home.

Mrs. Christopher Robinson, who recently returned to town, has a sweet young daughter to bring out in Toronto this season. Mrs. Robinson is, much to her friends' pleasure, able to go about and take part in the doings of her own circle.

Mr. Tom Plummer left for New York at 5:20 on Thursday to join his regiment at Woolwich. Last Sunday afternoon, a number of his young friends took tea and supper at the hospitable Plummer residence in Wellesley street, and bid adieu to the son of the house. Mr. Plummer and Mr. Charlie are unfortunately on a tour out west, and could not get back to say good-bye to Mr. Tom Plummer, who carries so many good wishes with him for his success as a soldier of the Queen.

"A la militaire" is the watchword this week. The red waist and smart mess jacket are worn by every second young woman, and the new military belts of black patent leather, some plain and some finished with gold braid, are being sought as finishing touch by smart women. The Julian Sale Company has brought out, this week, some extra nice styles in these patent leather belts, and the difference in their quality from those cheap affairs sold in some shops is noticeable at a glance. To be quite up to date, madam and mademoiselle must absolutely have the military waist-belt, and its quality must be A1 to give the desired chic.

Mrs. Beverley Smith (nee Caldecott) will receive at 3 Linden street on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 5th, 6th and 7th, and afterwards on the first and second Mondays.

Next Friday evening the graduating class of nurses at Toronto General Hospital will receive their diplomas in the theater of the Hospital, and have a reception afterwards in the Residence in the west wing.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell are to spend the winter abroad. Mr. A. A. Morrice and his bride will occupy Mr. Mitchell's house in December. Mrs. Mitchell receives for the last time on Tuesday.

Mrs. Joseph Irving has returned to town, after spending a delightful six weeks in Whitby. Mr. and Mrs. Irving have taken apartments at 64 Gloucester street, where Mrs. Irving will receive on first and second Mondays.

Mrs. George W. Erb, of Winnipeg, and her little daughter Aileen, are the guests of Mrs. C. S. Boone, of Bloor street east.

Mrs. E. B. Osler was yesterday presented with a portrait of Mr. Osler by Mr. William Hendrie, on behalf of the North of Scotland Mortgage Company, Limited. The portrait is by Sir George Reid, president of the Royal Scotch Academy.

Miss Katie Cross is the debutante to be presented by her mother to society at a tea at her home, 28 Walmer road, next Thursday afternoon, for which Mrs. Cross's friends received cards this week.

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Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Miss Marion Janet Kirkland, only daughter of Mr. Angus Kirkland, manager of the Bank of Montreal here, and Mr. Alexander W. Mackenzie, second son of Mr. William Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, takes place on Tuesday, November 13, and Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland have sent out cards for a reception at their residence, 160 St. George street, at 3:30 o'clock, on that day.

Mrs. Allan and Miss Elbert of Galveston, Texas, have been visiting for a few days recently in Toronto, the guests of their cousin, Mrs. Ross, of Huntley street. During their stay a very informal "telephone tea"—that is, one to which friends were invited by means of the handy little helo box—was given by their hostess, followed by a musical, at which Miss Elbert, who has a fine contralto, sang delightfully. She also sang during the evening. The visitors, who were most charming ladies, have since proceeded homewards after a most enjoyable tour in the North. Mrs. Ross' guests in the afternoon were young people and a few of the season's brides. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. Alec Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Dr. and Mrs. Garratt were of the party.

Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, with her wee daughter, has gone on a visit to her family in New York, and will not receive until after the New Year in Toronto.

The Misses Monahan of Breadalbane street, who have recently returned from Ireland and the Continent, where they and Mrs. Monahan spent a year, sent out cards for a tea which took place yesterday afternoon, and to which friends were asked to meet Miss Laurence.

Mrs. Morgan came down from Winona on Tuesday, and spent a day with her sister, Miss Ravenshaw, in her snug little studio in the Strathy Building. Mrs. Morgan left for New York next day to join her husband, and will go on to England at once.

Friends of Mr. William C. Muir, formerly of the Ontario Bank here, will be glad to know that he is better, after a severe illness, though not yet quite well. Mr. Muir went to Pittsburgh, where, I believe, he has done very well, otherwise than in health, since his removal.

Hon. Arthur W. Ross was in town this week, greeted by many old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ross and Mr. Hugo Ross were among the many smart people at Mrs. Macdougall's charming concert for the Orthopedic Hospital on Monday evening.

A Montreal friend writes: "The Montreal branch of the Woman's Art Association is to be congratulated on having brought its arrangements for the exhibition of arts and handicrafts to such a successful issue. The exhibition was opened by Lord Strathcona and Dr. Peterson, principal of McGill University. There was a large attendance, representing the fashion, wealth and culture of Montreal, during the afternoon and evening. The exhibition is being held in the art galleries of the Colonial House, well known to visitors to Montreal. There are many specimens of fine needle-work shown. Miss Psycho Grant of Toronto sends some very pretty lace. In section C—ceramics, pottery and glass—the modern and the antique are divided. Mrs. Alfred Boulbee of Toronto is a large exhibitor in the former division, which includes many very handsome pieces. Section D contains much of interest to lovers of books, old and new. The progress of book-making in Canada is shown from the first book bound in its plain leather cover in 1765 to the modern productions of Leveille and Mardon. Section F is a very attractive display of designs and illustrations. To many of the illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn, for Dr. Drummond's 'Habitant,' are most interesting. Pelang's Sweetheart, gazing mournfully into the embers, shows that she 'tinks of her cher garcon.' 'O ma ole canoe, wata de matter wit' you?' says the old habitant's face as plainly as if he spoke. The illustrations by Morang & Co., Toronto, for Dr. Louis Frechette's Christmas in French Canada, are also fine. The original cartoon by Bengough are most amusing. The designs are, many of them, excellent and very original. Section G is a 'corner in baskets.' There are Alaskan baskets, and Klukitit baskets, Chehalis baskets, and Cayuse baskets—baskets made by Indians in probably every part of the world where Indians are to be found. There is also grass cloth from Sierra Leone, porcupine embroidery, native cotton cloth from Timbuctoo, transparent beadwork—and as may be said of the whole exhibition—many other interesting articles too numerous to mention. The exhibition closes today."

The engagement of Miss Tudhope of Madison avenue to Dr. C. A. Page, late house surgeon of the Toronto General Hospital, is announced. The marriage will take place early in December.

Miss Violet Coen of Chicago is in Toronto on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. W. J. M. Taylor, 227 Robert street, and is a charming guest at the Victoria Club ball last week.

Mrs. Harry N. Briggs (nee Taylor) will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Friday and Saturday, November 9 and 10, from 3 till 10, at her residence, 123 Yorkville avenue. Afterwards Mrs. Briggs will be at home on the first and third Mondays in the month.

Mrs. Grundy, Miss Carrie Grundy and Mrs. Edward Owen are at 415 Church street for the winter.

Among those who are wintering abroad are Mrs. Michie, Miss May and Miss Ada Michie, who intend spending one of the homes in India, with quar-

the winter with their uncles at Castle Rocklands, Carrickfergus, Ireland, having first enjoyed a visit to London, England.

Mr. R. H. Cosbie of Rose avenue has gone to Quebec to meet his family on their return from the Old Country, where they have been for the summer.

The Board of Trade banquet given in honor of Lord Strathcona, whose visit has aroused the grateful enthusiasm of every patriotic Canadian for his superb gift to the British Empire of the famous Strathcona Horse, who have "writ their name in red on the Dark Continent," took place with tremendous eclat and joyous hilarity on Monday evening. The martial spirit was breathed in the decoration scheme, scarlet and white, St. George's Cross, stands of rifles, shields, emblazoned with the names of the various countries composing the greatest empire that has been, cute little cannons poking brown noses through stone walls of white cotton, flags galore and "hands across the sea" pictured on either wall, such hands as little Gulliver saw in Brobdingnag. The whole interior of the Pavilion was covered with the snowy and scarlet linings, giving a marquee-like effect, and the principal tables were glorious with huge, snowy chrysanthemums, deep-red Meteor roses and feathered ferns. Dunlop's people did the very best in the decorative way, and their efforts were greatly admired, especially by the rival beauties in the galleries, who were arrayed in their most fetching and brilliant toilettes in honor of the guest of honor, who did not see them, and various "hubbles" and other lesser male beings who did, and upon whom many bows, nods and wreathed smiles were bestowed. Nearly every seat was filled, and people stood patiently watching the good octogenarian as he spoke, guessing their cleverest at what he was saying, and tasting the ice cream which was served by white-frocked waitresses, many of whom were posted in the galleries to serve good things to the ladies grand and gorgeous who filled the seats. Below were the men of might in the financial and political world, the lights of artistic and social cliques, the lesser luminaries all about the town. They applauded, cheered, stood up and waved their dinner napkins, looking like a flock of queer black crows with one white wing apiece when the old man, the Scotchman who is the great living example of Max O'Rell's clever remark, rose to talk in his deliberate, old way, about the things that stir our pockets and our hearts. He put the pockets first, which was proper for a Scotchman. He told of 7,000 letters received at his London office asking for pointers about this country, and he was sound on the one thing needful, the filling up of the great North-West. He thanked the men who did him honor, and said exceedingly charming things to the emphatic little damsel who made a speech to him and presented him with a sheaf of crimson roses. And it struck me that the fine old man was really more tickled with that outspoken small girl than with all the glorious eloquence of the great guns who lauded his many excellencies. It was most quaint and pretty to hear Lord Strathcona call her "the little ladywoman."

A new departure which amused all, relieved all and interested not a few, were the interludes devoted to the rising generation, Khaki boys and Miss Canadas, with their marches and drill, which were timely and well carried out in every way. The Q.O.R. Band played in the east gallery. The seats of honor were reserved opposite the stage, and the Government House party, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. G. A. Cox, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Ames and some others, occupied them. A bevy of smart women from St. George street, Mrs. Riddell in white satin, Mrs. Matthews in black, Mrs. and Miss Melvin Jones who came in from the Orthopedic concert just in time to hear the guest of the evening, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. W. Crowther and Mrs. Mann, Mrs. P. Magann, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. W. Goulding, Mrs. Hartley Dewart, Mrs. Allan Caskets, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Mara and Miss Evelyn Cox, Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Dunnett, Miss Marion Wilkie, Mrs. Morang, Mrs. and Miss Heaven, Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. Fudger, Mrs. and Miss Kerr, the Misses Gooderham, Mrs. Millichamp, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mrs. MacMurchy, Mrs. Parkin, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and Miss Walde, Mrs. Charles Temple, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Thomson, Mrs. J. E. Woods, Miss Violet Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Wallace Jones, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. and Miss Arnoldi, Mrs. G. Beatty, Mrs. W. H. Lee, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Charles Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Irish, Miss Homer Dixon, Mrs. E. Cox, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Rowbotham, Miss Hodgins, Mrs. George Hodgins, Miss Jennings were also present.

Saturday evening each week is the rendezvous time of the Toronto Orchestra, of which organization Mr. Harry F. Strickland is the secretary. The president is Mr. T. C. Dawson and the conductor Mr. Torrington, who are associated as executive committee with Messrs. Arildge, Bayley, Waldron, Royce and the secretary. Several well-known society people who are efficient musicians are taking an active part and interest in the orchestra, which is to give a course of concerts this winter.

The engagement of Miss Tudhope of Madison avenue to Dr. C. A. Page, late house surgeon of the Toronto General Hospital, is announced. The marriage will take place early in December.

Miss Violet Coen of Chicago is in Toronto on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. W. J. M. Taylor, 227 Robert street, and is a charming guest at the Victoria Club ball last week.

Mrs. Harry N. Briggs (nee Taylor) will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Friday and Saturday, November 9 and 10, from 3 till 10, at her residence, 123 Yorkville avenue. Afterwards Mrs. Briggs will be at home on the first and third Mondays in the month.

Mrs. Grundy, Miss Carrie Grundy and Mrs. Edward Owen are at 415 Church street for the winter.

Many persons are suffering from a lack of interest in life. An interest which is sufficiently remote never to be a nuisance may be taken in a poor, starving little Indian child, in the famine district, by sending that devoted humanitarian worker, Miss Caroline Macklem, of Sylvan Tower, Rosedale.

the sum of fifteen dollars, which will keep your small protege for a year in one of the homes in India, with quar-

Ladies' Fine Shoes With Heavy Soles

Nothing clumsy about them, just the thing to buy at this season of the year. With these shoes it wouldn't matter very much if you didn't have rubbers.

The \$3.00 kinds come in Box Calf and Vici Kid, with Welted Soles.

The \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50 styles are made with Cork Insoles, hand sewn Goodyear Welt process. Widths B to E—that means we can fit your foot perfectly—make the new shoes feel like the old ones.

KINGSLEY & CO.,
188 YONGE STREET

Fall Catalogue for the asking.

Seven Months of Dust

For seven long weary months we have been doing business amidst the noise and dust of store alterations.

The loyalty of our patrons under such conditions has been most gratifying.

All this, however, is soon to be changed.

On and after Saturday next you will find us with as complete facilities for doing business as any Jewelry Store on the Continent—none excepted.

No detail that will conduce to your comfort has been overlooked.

Our stock, too, will be worthy of its surroundings—the newest and choicest in Fine Jewelry—Silverware and Art Goods that the world's best markets can furnish us.

Ryrie Bros.

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

THE Teas, Luncheons and Receptions served by Geo. S. McConkey, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the daintiest form and are perfections of the Caterer's art.

Ladies' Patent Leather Belts Mounted With Gold Braid

is the latest production. They are very dressy and set your figure off to perfection.

No. 13 is 1 inch wide, narrow braid 25c.
No. 14 is 1 1/2 inch wide at back, tapering to 1 inch in front, narrow braid 35c.
No. 15 is same as No. 14, patent lined, heavy braid 50c.
No. 16 is 1 inch width, with wide, heavy braid 75c.

Sent to any address on receipt of price and exact waist measure.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co.

LIMITED

105 KING ST. WEST

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, NO. 6 S.

SENT ON REQUEST.

Perfumerie Lubin

The World's Standard of Excellence

"LUBIN'S IS THE ODOUR THAT LASTS."

A CONCENTRATED FLOWER GARDEN.

Introducing our new season's perfume we yield the premier place to Lubin's Impression. This make is the acknowledged French standard and has been the favorite of refined and cultured society for the past century.

See the magnificent display in our west window of single and twin celluloid cases in all sizes, the elegance and beauty of which has never been equalled or surpassed in Toronto.

"Through dreary winter Lubin's odours yield

The scent of Summer weaned from wood and field."

The Hooper Co.

LIMITED

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

43 and 45 King Street West

terly announcements to you of his or her well-being, and will be at once forwarded by Miss Macklem on your behalf for that purpose. Miss Macklem says: "I am still glad to receive contributions for the general fund, or to send names and addresses of those who wish to take any particular part in the India orphan work."

Mr. Columbus Greene, Miss and Mr. Greene are settled for the winter in Mrs. Hugh Ryan's residence, Hunter street and Elm avenue, Rosedale. Mrs. and Miss Ryan and Mrs. Percival Greene are to spend the winter abroad.

Upper Gallery and

Their First Experience

By MARIE VAN VORST.

"Rose, Rose, fine Rose!"

ULIAN VAN ALSTEN sat before his writing table, the exquisite luxury of his study enfolding him like a sumptuous garment. He withdrew his gaze from the chef-d'œuvre before him, half shutting the lids of his eyes, raised his shoulders up to his ears, crossed his arms on his chest, and hugged seclusion.

"And I have created it," he murmured; "created for myself in New York this wonder, despite cable cars and automobiles." Then he opened his eyes and took in, wide-eyed, the feast of color his room offered, suffused as it was with soft light, filled with objects of absolute beauty.

"Yet," he acquited, "no one could call me a shirk from my town's demands upon the citizen. No one could call me a degenerate." Here his strong hand touched the pages before him, as though from their contents he called witness. He gathered up the sheets of closely written paper, and placed in a neat sequence the finished copy of his editorial which should set New York afame. He mentally reviewed in detail his hundred choice possessions. He thought of his house, decorated and furnished with the precise exigence of the virtuoso and the sensuous prodigality of the artist. He thought with especial delight of a certain piece of Venetian glass changed from its old position in a cabinet to a shelf whereon its amber reflets melted into the glowing tapestries of the wall. Thinking thus of aesthetics, he thought of his wife. "All perfect in the setting, and the setting perfect for all." From a gold case in his pocket he chose a cigarette, and lighting it, sat back still farther from the table prepared to enjoy, after a suite of four hours' mental labor. So absolute was the silence of his room that far down the half the rustle of a woman's skirts could be heard before the wearer reached the door. At the first swish Van Alsten's brows twitched; decided annoyance deepened, and when the door was pushed gently open, his greeting was almost a frown.

But the woman who entered was so gratifyingly lovely that the artist in him triumphed; he smiled at her with appreciation.

"You have stopped writing?" said the inquirer.

He rose to give her a chair. "Won't you come in?"

Mrs. Van Alsten had an open letter in her hand. She took the seat her husband placed close to the table, put the letter down and leaned her elbow on it. Her head sank upon her hand. With her other she lightly touched the various articles before her.

Van Alsten forgot her personality. She was an audience. "My dear, I have just finished my article on the Alliance question. (He had it in his hand as he spoke.) "See if it does not absolutely cut the ground from under Senator —'s feet!" and he began.

Mrs. Van Alsten was dressed for dinner and the opera. The turn of her neck and throat, the perfect round of her cheek and chin were in shadow as she bent her head. On her hair's crown, and on the jeweled ornament in her coiffure, the caressing lamplight fell; the object she had picked up for her hand's aimless turning was a frail paper-cutter of shell. She played with it, and heard the strong, splendid surge of words that her husband read, without understanding one phrase.

He reached his climax and paused, waiting with critical anticipation for her words of praise. None came. She picked up the letter from under her elbow, holding it in both hands, looked at the superscription and the signature on the inner page. She lifted her eyes to Julian. "I am going to sail for England to-morrow," she said.

Van Alsten dropped the sheets on the table. "What?"

"I have a letter from Frances Fenshaw. She is to be married on the 18th and I shall be just in time for the wedding."

"My dear Rose," said Van Alsten, coldly. "I do not understand."

"It is quite simple, isn't it?" she replied. Folding the letter between her hands she slipped in the folds the paper-cutter, and held both tightly.

"She is my schoolmate, my best friend, and I want to see her married."

"So much so that you will leave your home and me—to—to go three thousand miles?"

"Yes," said his wife.

Van Alsten rose, and for the first time since he had married her he regarded seriously this beautiful person.

"But come," he said, laughing a little, "this is a canard, chere amie; what you expect me to say to it?"

There was no smile on the woman's face. "Nothing," she slowly replied. "It is not a canard. It would not make any difference what you said, Julian," and she shook her head slowly. "I am sorry to say."

He grew pale. "Why, Rose—?"

Here a man-servant tapped at the door, pushed the heavy portiere sufficiently clear for the introduction of his elegantly dressed personality. "Dinner is served, sir," he said; and, although he had made this announcement regularly for six months during the well-ordered life of these young married people, he brought his diurnal hostility this night upon their first experience. Close upon his steps was Van Alsten's brother, coming up the hall. Van Alsten had forgotten they were dining people to-night, and he hurried to his dressing-room. He was obliged to leave early to attend a meeting of which he was chairman, but he got away from his colleagues half an hour before their affable discussions usually permitted and joined his wife in the Reynolds' box at the opera. Rose was evidently a success. Glasses were turned upon her from all parts of the house, and Tommy Reynaud, hanging on her words, was paying too evident tribute.

to her loveliness. Van Alsten at the back of the box was going through a new phase of feeling. He could distinctly affirm it was not of his own creation.

"You are going to-morrow?" he heard the man by Rose's side remark. "Impossible! Why, Van Alsten can't get away. It is the crisis of his party."

Rose's reply he could not hear. He was fiercely trying to lose nothing of the conversation and yet to give to the man at his side the phantom of his attention.

"Alone!" emphasized Tommy Reynaud. "Going alone?"

Here Van Alsten hopelessly lost the drift.

* * * * *

Julian Van Alsten came of a long race of thoroughbreds. He had of his forebears the control that takes crises as quietly as daily bread. Sarcasm and display were to him evidence of low breeding. He himself had no motives not in essence above-board. He never suspected—looked things for granted—and when in the course of his existence he came to a shock, he viewed it as a monstrosity, never "thought to look upon its like again, and straightaway resumed his simple view of life.

He passed through the dressing-room into his wife's bedroom. Her large trunks and a steamer trunk stood packed to the full, tissue paper rising like clouds from the trays. The sight gave him a sudden sensation. Not seven months ago these trunks had looked like this at the distant hotel where they had been opened the morning after his marriage. He now went quickly through the open door to his wife's room, where she stood before the toilet table, locking into their cases the jewels she had worn. Shutting the door behind him, he came up to her, took her hand, then dropped it slowly.

"Will you tell me, please, what all this means?"

"I have told you," she responded, "I am going to London to-morrow to see Frances married."

"And why didn't you tell me before that you wanted to go, so that I might have arranged to go as well?"

"I did. I told you when we were first married when this wedding was to be, and that it was the only thing that made any great difference among people to me. She is like my sister; she has been my best friend."

Van Alsten dimly remembered, among the busy vital questions of his career, having heard some girlish confidence to this effect. He drew his brows together over his clear gray eyes.

"My dear Rose," he said, with gentle good humor, "I cannot take you seriously. I confess that I do not understand at all. You know it is impossible for me to go to England at this moment unless I renounce my career; and it is unheard of, simply unheard of, for a young wife, six months married, to go off alone to Europe."

"I spoke of this again," continued Mrs. Van Alsten, ignoring his explanation, "a week or so ago."

"I remember," he nodded; "and I told you then it was impossible for me to go."

"But," she said, "it is not impossible for me." Her dress had been exchanged for an enveloping robe of white that lent itself to the soft lines of her form, and rose closely around her throat. She was flushed with excitement, but dark rings of fatigue showed under her eyes, and there was about her a youth, a frankness particularly appealing.

"My dear child!" Julian spoke protectively, as though he bent in his man's dignity to her—"you know I cannot let you go."

"You won't forbid me?" she flashed defiantly.

"And if I do?" was on his tongue to ask, but a singular distrust of her reply kept him silent.) The ingénue, the unawakened girl whom six months ago he had married, whose mind, soul, and aspirations, if not of his creation, were to be by him wisely developed, this woman suddenly flashed a mysterious creature, capricious, unexpected—a mystery he was beginning to warmly long to solve. He watched her. She placed the box she held on the dressing-table and went across the room to where an armchair was drawn up before an open fire. She sat down; her husband followed her, standing with his hands in his pockets looking down at her.

"If it were not for the trunks"—he indicated with a backward movement of his head—"and what I overheard you say to Reynaud to-night in the box, I should swear this was a dream. We must find some way out of it," he said, still smiling.

"That's what I have thought," said the woman, "and I have found the way."

Her intense seriousness made his light tone a pose. With a strange sense of the moment's deep significance of his manner dropped to the level of her own.

"A way?" he repeated; "you have found a way out of your home—from me?" Why, you are not unhappy, Rose?"

She lifted the full enchantment of her eyes upon him. "Unhappy!" she said, with fine scorn, "why, don't you know it? Don't you see it? Look at me." She threw her arms wide, and the loose sleeves of her gown fell back from the bare, rounded arms. "I am perfectly miserable."

He stared at her, marveling.

"Why did you marry me, Julian?" she said, with a little catch in her breath.

"Why did I marry you?" he repeated blankly, "why—because I—"

"Wait!"—she held out her hand forbiddingly. "Don't say those words, don't say them to me now. You can't—you can't—you can't look me calmly in the eyes and say, 'I married this woman because I loved her.'"

He stared uneasily, and rapidly cast his thought back. Compared to the feeling for his wife that swept him at this moment, he could not say he had loved her six months ago.

But, as though she had expected no reply, she continued, speaking very fast.

"Look," she said, "around this room. It is full of delightful things; so is your house, from entrance to your own study; it is absolutely complete. It was complete before I came, before you brought me to it. What have I added here? Nothing. I have not displaced an article. I have not changed a vase. Your environment is yours, your creation to the most infinite detail; and I am part of it. These things are all inanimate—they demand nothing. When you found me I must have pleased you for some reason, for you brought me back as you would bring an ornament to look at; but I am living—living," she exclaimed passionately. "I demand—I ask—and you have starved me."

"For what, then, in God's name?"

"For a mirror, in a frame whose pattern pleased you, to reflect you. Your taste approved me, and I harmonized with your surroundings. I am not reapproaching you." There was an infinite pathos in her voice. "I can simply decide that I must have life and freedom, and a chance to be an individual. You are reasonable," she leaned forward as though she took him like a friend into her confidence. "Do you not see my point?" she said persuasively.

"It is impossible," she frowned—"perfectly impossible."

"It is, alas, true," said Mrs. Van Alsten.

"If," he asked, "you think yourself so little in my life, why do you suppose I chose you for a companion?"

"At that," she said, "I could weep, Julian: your companion! If you only had chosen me for your companion!"

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November 3, 1900

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5



**"WHAT WE HAVE
WE'LL HOLD."**

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP" —wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice.

Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
Montreal.

71

Curious Bits of News.

Taking the earth as a large marble one inch in diameter, the moon would be represented by a small pea 2 1/2 feet away, and the sun by a 9-foot globe 960 feet away.

The fruit-growers of California have decided to erect a factory to manufacture concentrated fruit. By the new process huge blocks of concentrated grape, apricot, peach, pear and plum will be made, and all over-ripe and under-sized fruit can be utilized. It is said the product retains the original flavor, and will keep indefinitely.

The Sydney "Bulletin" reports a case of two Australian judges, one of the Supreme, the other of an inferior court, settling a little difference of opinion, on a question of honor, in the good old-fashioned way with bare fists. Preliminaries were fixed up in a few minutes at a fashionable club, and the legal luminaries retired with their seconds to a well-known private boxing-hall, where they vigorously pounded one another for fifteen minutes. The minor judge eventually established his claim by a knock-out blow under the Supreme Court jaw.

There is one dog who makes his living by driving a printing press. It is only a development of the old turnspit business, but the dog prints a whole edition of 1,000 papers in one hour. The dog is named Gypsy, and is the property of Messrs. Carroll and Bowen, proprietors of the "Plymouth (Wisconsin) Review." He is a two-year-old English mastiff, weighs 100 pounds, and does his work by running round in a wooden wheel eight feet in diameter.

Here is a curious chain of destruction. The mongoose was introduced into Jamaica to kill rats. After killing out all the rats, the mongoose attacked all the birds which laid their eggs on the ground, killing the birds and eating their eggs. Now these birds were the only means by which a certain pestiferous tick was kept under. With the disappearance of the birds, the ticks have reared in great numbers, and by a curious Nemesis have attacked the mongoose, and the Jamaicans are rejoicing in the prospect of celebrating for long the disappearance of the last mongoose.

Cats, so disliked by the Queen and Lord Roberts, have helped to produce some very famous works. Whilst Ouida wrote "Under Two Flags," her great Persian sat either on the table she wrote at or on her lap. That cat is dead now but always, whilst she works, one or more are in the room with her. The French poet Francois Coppée is another lover of cats. He has a great black short-coated cat, which sits beside him for hours as he works. He frequently strokes its thick, close coat, and declares that the electricity from its fur gives him inspiration.

Raffles in Real Life.

ASERIOUS-MINDED "American" woman—she went to Paris to attend the Woman's Rights Congress—had glory thrust upon her in the most extraordinary way. With three friends she had rented a furnished cottage in the suburb of Neuilly. The other night, about two o'clock, she was wakened by a noise in her room. She was just about to scream, for she thought it was a mouse, when she heard a cracking door and then footsteps in the hall. Realizing that it was not mouse but man, she rushed down and captured her burglar, just as he was getting out of the drawing-room window. Her three friends and the maid-servant—a white brigade—came to her aid, and they tied up the burglar and sat on him till the police came. Then they let him up.

He was a slim young man in evening dress. He bowed and said: "Pardon me; I had known there were only ladies in the house—and strangers—I should never have intruded." He bowed gracefully again, and the police led him away.

Now when he was arraigned the next day it was discovered that this young rogue and burglar was a veritable marquis, a member of an honored and historic family. He is twenty-three years old and in the last year has wasted a fortune. As the "American" women's jewelry and pocketbooks were found in his pockets, he thought it best to plead guilty. The burglar marquis is the talk of Paris; and the "American" girls—those who are not serious-minded and do not attend the Woman's Rights Congress—are debating what should be done in such a case, and whether it would be better to call a policeman or send for a marriage license.

Marquises are not so plentiful in these days. It is a shame, the thrifty maidens say, to waste 'em.

The Superfluous Woman.

The social economists who have been worrying themselves over the problem involving the question of the most effective method of eliminating the superfluous woman may find much aid and comfort in some statistics recently published by the American Statistical Association of Boston. These statistics relate to marriage, child-birth and health among college and non-college women. They show what happened in these particulars to three hundred and forty-three college women and three hundred and thirteen non-college women who were their sisters, cousins or friends, and therefore of about the same social station. The college women, according to the statistics, marry two years later in life than do the others, and they bear a higher percentage of male children. This latter difference is quite marked, and is accepted by the statisticians as an effect of higher education upon the sex. It is therefore to be concluded that to prevent the preponderance of female over male births the skirted sex should be prepared for maternity by a thorough college training.

Wise Bobby.**The Story of a Ring.**

THE golden wedding celebration of Professor Doremus, the celebrated chemist, brings to mind a singularly dramatic episode. Dr. Doremus and Ole Bull, the violinist, were intimate friends. During one of the early visits of the Swedish violinist to this country, he exhibited to Dr. Doremus, with conscious pride, an emerald set in a ring, given him by the King of Sweden. The emerald was of great size and had the letter "B" cut into its face. Shortly afterward Ole Bull was exhibiting the ring in a crowded room. The ring went from hand to hand, but never got back to the owner. The loss of the jewel made Bull fairly ill. He hurried for counsel to Dr. Doremus, his bosom friend. The room was searched, but the ring was not found. Yet the suspicion of theft could not be fastened upon any one person. Bull told Dr. Doremus that he prized the ring above all his other possessions, as it represented one of the first expressions of friendship from a fellow-countryman.

A few years later, Edwin Booth, the actor, received from a well-known lawyer of this city a present of an emerald scarf pin. The actor was not easily moved by such tokens of admiration, but this gift impressed him, as the first letter of his surname appeared on the face of the emerald. Booth never wore the pin, put placed it with other valuable gifts, where it remained until a strange episode brought it to light.

During the period when Booth's theater in Twenty-third street was the dramatic center of the city, a grand performance of Hamlet had been planned. Booth remarked to Dr. Doremus that a selection by some famous vocalist or musician during the longest entr'acte would add to the impressiveness of the occasion. Dr. Doremus said he would arrange that feature of the programme, and he immediately wired Ole Bull, who was in Chicago, to come to New York as a special favor to Booth and himself. The violinist wired back that he would break his engagement and come. Ole Bull's fiddling was one of the strongest features of the programme. He was encored again and again, and finally came before the curtain hand in hand with the actor.

Bull was deeply moved by what Bull had done, and asked Dr. Doremus what he should do in return. "Don't offer him money," answered Dr. Doremus. "Give him something of your own that you prize highly." "I know what I shall do," the actor answered, enthusiastically. "I have an old emerald pin that I prize highly but never use. Let me show it to you." Booth took from his secretary drawer the pin the lawyer had given him long before. When Dr. Doremus saw the stone he gasped. He took it to the light and examined it closely. It was the same stone Bull had shown him in a ring years before.

The chemist told the actor the strange story. Booth did not hesitate to mention the name of the lawyer who had given it to him. Ole Bull was then Dr. Doremus' guest.

It was arranged that Dr. Doremus

should give a dinner of a few congenial

spirits in honor of Edwin Booth and Ole Bull. The actor, in the meantime, had the emerald set into a heavy gold ring. The daily papers of the time commented on the dinner, but the real significance of the event was known only to three of the persons present.

It was known only to three of the persons present.

During the harmony over the liqueurs and cigars, Booth stood, and in a few well-chosen words thanked the violinist for his grand work at the theater, and begged him to accept a token of his regards. Ole Bull stood to receive the gift. When he opened the box he sank back in his chair, buried his face in his hands and wept. Later, when the violinist apologized for his loss of control, Booth answered: "Mr. Bull, tears are a thousand times more eloquent than words."

The Queen's True Womanhood.

A pretty story is told by Professor Bevan on the authority of the Dean of Windsor. Dr. Elliot was sent for to visit one of the kitchen maids at the Castle whom the doctor had pronounced to be in danger. Her bedroom was in an out-of-the-way part of the building, approached by many flights of stairs. He found the young girl pale and ill, but still bright and cheery. "I have had a visit from her Majesty," she whispered to him.

"She was so kind. She said to me: 'My dear, I hope you are better. I wished to come and see you, but I am eighty-one years of age, and I had to stop and rest many times by sitting on the stairs.' Wasn't that kind, sir?"

The Original "Talisman."

The plague at Glasgow recalls the existence of the historic Lee Penny, now owned by Sir Simon Lockhart. It is a triangular pebble set in an old silver coin, and was brought back from Spain as a portion of the ransom of a Moorish chief when an ancestor of Sir

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ceived from a lady correspondent who heard him speak just after he came home from the front. They are naive and particularly feminine. "Mr. Churchill," she says, "has not a good voice, and is not reposeful! I think he takes hold of his coat as a restraint. He commences his sentences with a slight hesitation, then violently shakes his arms as though he were shaking a sack. The action reminded me of a smart fournisseur, with a couple of dexterous turns unrolling some rich fabric, and letting the folds fall gracefully to the ground for the delectation of an aristocratic costumer. He is quite delightful, and so clever!"

Mixed Metaphors.

English election speeches were full of mixed metaphors, Scottish similes, well meant for "jocks," and Irish bulls. Sir W. Harcourt said, in the recent contest, that the Government knew that "the gift was coming off the gingerbread, and they desired to snatch a verdict before the ebb-tide left them stranded high and dry." His Welsh audience laughed. Strange figures of speech and flowers of rhetoric have cropped up elsewhere; but, so far, nobody has beaten the late Sir G. Campbell's assertion that "the backbone of the Indian army is the pale face of the British soldier." This recalls the Irish legislator who declared that the Irish peasants were so reduced in circumstances that, like the birds of the air, they were living from hand to mouth.

An Auto-biography.

This is the Auto Jones bought.

This is the Owner, who with pride climbs up for his first inspiring ride.

This is the Avenue, nice and broad, through which he hurtles, overawed.

This is the Gong that clamors loud and paralyzes a luckless crowd.

These are the mounted Coppers grim who gallop to succor life and limb.

This is the Ambulance here and there collecting specimens past repair.

These are the Things the auto hits and butts to pieces before it quits.

These are the Bills brought in—boohoo! for arms and legs, and funerals, too.

AND—

This is the Street Car which to-day carries along his humble way.

That chap who settled the Bills—boohoo!

For arms and legs, and funerals, too.

And for numerous things his auto hit.

And butts to pieces before it quits.

The while the Ambulance here and there collected specimens past repair.

Following close the Coppers grim who galloped to succor life and limb.

In the wake of the Gong that clamored loud.

Quite paralyzing the luckless crowd upon the Avenue, nice and broad.

Along which hurtles, overawed.

A man who took with an Owner's pride.

His post for the first inspiring ride.

In the Automobile that Jones bought.

"Town Topics."

Mother—Goodness! How did you hurt your finger so? Little Son—With a hammer. "When?" "A good while ago." "I didn't hear you cry." "No, mother. I thought you were out."

Just Think of It.

Tottie—Don't you think Mildred is of a very confiding nature? Lottie—Oh, yes. I know she has a way of unbothering herself every evening. Tottie—Indeed! Lottie—Oh, yes. You know she pads!

Clearing Up.

Ragman—Any old bottles to sell? Janitor—Ring the third bell and tell Mr. Gayboy I sent you. I heard his wife was coming home from the country to-morrow.

The term "halcyon days" is derived from a pretty little fable of the Sicilians, who believed that during the seven days preceding and following the winter solstice, December 21st, the halcyon or kingfisher floated on the water in a nest in which her young were deposited, and that during this time the seas were calm. Our Indian summer corresponds to the halcyon of the Sicilians.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The DRAMA

In the greatest contrast to Mam'selle 'Awkins is The Princess Chic, seen at the Grand this week. Mam'selle 'Awkins was in the class of musical comedy—though it was neither very musical nor very comical. The Princess Chic is a comic opera, and it is what it professes to be in both senses. Mam'selle 'Awkins could scarcely raise a titter except by being indecent. The Princess Chic is full of the most bubbling, uproarious fun, but has not a word or line from beginning to end that could be considered even remotely suggestive. It is a good example of the kind of music and the kind of comedy we all want on the stage—the kind we should insist on having.

Miss Sylva, the new star, quite captivated all her audiences, and undoubtedly will be a bright luminary on the comic opera stage. She was four times called before the curtain on Monday night, and at last was obliged to make a little speech—which she did in such a gracious and winning way and with such sweetly chosen words as to take the gods by perfect storm. She has a sweet voice, a trim figure, bewitching eyes and great cleverness in acting. She throws Alice Nielsen, with whom she was formerly associated, quite in the shade as a soubrette prima donna.

The company boasts of four capital comedians—Joseph C. Miron, Walter A. Lawrence, Thos. C. Leary, and Neil McNeil. Agnes Paul is as pretty as petite. Winfield Blake, in looks and deportment, is a convincing Charles the Bold. The company is backed up with a great wealth of beautiful costumes, scenery and properties.



Further reference to this charming opera, from a musical standpoint, is to be found on page 10, in Cherubino's department.

For up-to-date, nickel-plated, highly polished juggling, Kara, who appeared at Shea's this week, undoubtedly carries off the bell prize, and deserves the title he has assumed, of "greatest juggler in the world." Every one of his tricks, even the most difficult, is performed with such ease of manner and delightful nonchalance that one can almost fancy Kara doing the same things, from force of habit, as he walks in the streets or smokes his after-dinner cigar at his hotel. This week's programme at the pretty vaudeville house was provided by Fulgora's Stars. Almost every number was a hit. James and Lucy Allison's novel dances, Lewis and Ryan's absurdity, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman's pastoral sketch, Back Home, and the substitution trick of the Brothers Herne, are specially worthy of praise, but Polk and Collings' banjo-playing was something to enthuse over, and to strum itself into one's very blood. Better banjo music has never been heard here.

I had not seen The Private Secretary till I saw it—or perhaps I should say him—at the Princess this week. So I was not in a position to make odious comparisons, even of a friendly nature. But I laughed and laughed and laughed, and everyone else did likewise. Miss Maynard, who was not in the cast, recited "Bobs" and "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and "On the Road to Mandalay." These things are a bit showy, but Miss Maynard looked charming, and was applauded quite heartily. "Do you know," people will sit for almost any old thing as a recitation, so long as the elocution is not too bad and the elocutionist is good looking.

The Golden State, with its mountains, its mines, its stage coaches, bowie knives, "guns," Greasers, and all the other romantic accessories of the days of '49, has never completely lost the hold it obtained on the popular imagination through the writings of Bret Harte and his school. One of Bret's best yarns is "M'lis," and it makes a captivating play, with pathos, comedy and blood and thunder thrown together in just about the right proportion. Miss Nellie McHenry was seen in this famous success of the late Annie Pixley's at the Toronto this week. She is an actress of some ability and promise in this kind of role; and she gave to the part a lot of "go" that sustained the interest where the weak work of some of her associates would have let it ooze away. Yuba Bill, Judge Beeswinger, and Juan Walters were the only other parts at all well played. The

trial scene, with Beeswinger on the bench, could scarcely have been as irresistibly funny in real life.

We often discuss the existence or non-existence of a real, all-wool, yard-wide and foot-thick Canadian literature, such as will not rust or ravel no matter how the critics pick at it, but I cannot remember any claim having been made to our possession of a genuine Canadian play such as has been, or can be, acceptably presented on the stage. The only attempt that I recall was a parody written by an Ottawa man now dead, on Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore. McDowell I think it was who played it, and it was quite a success. Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. Alexander Mackenzie were the two main characters, and some of the dialogue was very funny. Since Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith, and several other stories of the United States revolution have been successfully dramatized, why should not some Canadian aspirant for fame give us a play of the time of the old French regime, or of 1812, or of our own little rebellion of '37? Canada might do great things for a great play, and dramatists should not forget that we are neither so small nor so backward a nation as we once were.

The Return of Odysseus, the Greek play which is to be presented at the Grand Opera House on December 13, 14 and 15, under University auspices, is taken directly from the Odyssey, and the scenes and the language are reproduced exactly from the epic. The music has been written by composers who have made a special study of the existing fragments of ancient Greek music. The Delphic Hymn to Apollo will be given as a prelude by a chorus with flutes and harp.

Mrs. Agnes Knox Black gave her first lecture at the Conservatory School of Elocution on Saturday, October 27th. The subject, Imagination and Emotion in Art, gave Mrs. Black ample scope for the elaboration of her plea for the development of the emotions in education. The expediency of modern education was pointed out, and the true principles of art applied in a most convincing manner to the study of literature and music. The subject of the next lecture, Dramatic Art in Interpretation, gives promise of matter of general interest. It will be at the usual hour, 11.15, on Saturday morning, November 3rd.

Those people who were fortunate enough to attend Mr. H. N. Shaw's recital at the College of Music on Wednesday, October 24, have not yet done expressing their appreciation of the treat provided for them. Mr. Shaw is at home in readings from the classics, and even those who know him best were surprised at the dramatic force with which his selections were charged. The programme was lengthy and varied, and displayed Mr. Shaw's talent in every phase.

Even that great master of stage-craft, Sir Henry Irving, has been outdone, it is said, by Richard Mansfield in his production of Henry V. There are twenty-six changes of scenery, some of them, of course, simple drop-curtains, but there are many elaborate settings, with a wealth of detail and historical accessories. Among the striking pictures are the throne-room at Westminster, the quay at Southampton, the entrenchments at Harfleur, the battlefield of Agincourt, and the interior of the cathedral at Troyes. But the surpassing effect of the spectacle comes at the opening of the fifth act, in a scene conjured out of the suggestion in five lines of Shakespeare's prologue. It is a grand pageant, representing the welcome given the victorious monarch on his return from France, and it fills the stage with marching men-at-arms, civil dignitaries, and the personal attendants of royalty and the nobility, the populace crowding close upon them as they pass in review. There is a continual play-of dumb show in which every supernumerary displays the result of careful training. There are shouts and cheers that come singly and in chorus, rising in volume suddenly and falling with odd yet measured cadence. And at the end, when the glittering parade has been passing for minutes, with gleaming armor and weapons and waving banners, a blaze of light and color, when girls in white have strewed the way with flowers, the king himself rides in and halts before Temple Bar, and the air trembles with the joyous huzzas of the multitude. No lines are spoken during the scene.

"Then you refuse to take me on?" pleadingly inquired the girl who thought she could act. "Certainly," retorted the manager, disdainfully, "go and get a reputation!" The poor girl took his advice.

She got married, divorced, horsewhipped by another woman on a public street, eloped with a millionaire's son, got \$25,000 from the old man to remove her hypnotic spell, and was arrested for racing her automobile against a trolley car—all within a year.

She is now her adviser's leading lady.

Blanche Walsh's new play, Marcelle, is not a success, and it is doubtful if Miss Walsh will use it on tour. She is now rehearsing More than Queen. Marcelle has been unmercifully roasted by the New York critics. Lawrence Reamer condemns not only the work of the dramatist, but that of the actress, who, he says, has abandoned the self-contained, intelligent and tasteful style that led to the hope her natural talents might one day be highly developed, and is now guilty of the most exaggerated style of acting in every scene.

Henrietta Crosman, who played Mistress Nell at the Grand a few weeks ago, has made a most pronounced hit in this play everywhere she has gone. The critical New York public has accepted her as an actress of something like genius.

Etta Gilroy, well known to patrons of Shea's, is dead. She contracted a cold while playing on the Canadian circuit.

Helen Byron, formerly leading lady at the Princess, is playing in A Female Drummer, and has met with favorable press notices along the line of popular-priced theaters.

J. M. Colville, who played the Secretary of State with Kellard in The Cipher Code, has severed his connection with that company, and will at once begin a starring tour

in The Commander. Mr. Colville played John Storm in The Christian last year.

Olive Shreiner's Story of an African Farm is undergoing preparation for stage presentation at the instance of a manager—name withheld—who thinks his enterprise justified by the interest in South Africa which has resulted from the Boer war. The work is in the hands of a newspaper man, but who, we are assured, is fully competent to accomplish the task he has undertaken. The "dramatization" of a novel does not of any necessity bear any resemblance to the book, so no one may express any surprise if the stage version introduces the siege of Ladysmith and other modern improvements. It will be an astonishing example of forbearance if some excuse is not made for hawking in a cake walk, a Zulu ballet and a few coon songs.

Mrs. Evelyn Millard, the gifted actress of London, who refused lately to utter some objectionable lines, is, besides being perhaps the most popular actress in the metropolis, also one of the most beautiful women on the stage. Miss Millard is the daughter of the late Professor Millard, who was the leading teacher of elocution in the Royal Academy of Music, London, until his death, and whose works on elocution are the standard works in England today. Miss Millard, on entering on her professional career, studied voice production for more than two years daily with Herr Hugo Beyer, with such success that her naturally small, though pleasing voice, can now be distinctly heard in the remotest part of the largest theater. Mr. C. Wainwright, who has lately opened a studio in this city for voice culture, was so fortunate as to have had the privilege of studying under the same eminent specialist.

Next week, at local theaters: The Scribner show at Shea's, with Ezra Kendall as the headliner; Wm. A. Brady's Way Down East, at the Grand; Jim the Penman at the Princess; Dorothy Rossmore in Man's Enemy, at the Toronto.

GOLF.

THE Rosedale team on Saturday last managed to recover some of its lost laurels in the return match with the Hamilton Club on the Rosedale links. The home team was 46 holes up, fifteen men a side, the score being 49-3. The only Hamilton men who scored for their side were E. H. Brown, 2 up on Ewing Ferrie, and J. M. Young, 1 up on R. K. Sprout.

The Ladies' Association is quietly assuming form, and by the spring will doubtless be in a state of completion. Mrs. V. C. Brown, of Toronto, has the affairs of the Association well in hand.

The ladies of the Rosedale Club received a severe beating at the hands of the Ferndales last week. The latter put up a strong team game.

Miss Whish, of Barrie, who is one of the coming players, negotiated the men's course at Rosedale last week in a startlingly low score, and defeated her male opponent by 2 up, even play. In the Interprovincial match, a few weeks ago, Miss Whish was 9 up on her opponent, Miss Ewan. The club handicap at Rosedale is narrowing down, the winner of the Martin-Lyon match meeting Dr. Hood in the final this afternoon. The Doctor, by sterling play, not



THE TORONTO AND ROSEDALE PRO'S.

only won the championship, but has won through all the successive stages of the handicaps right up to the final.

George Cumming, the professional at the Toronto Club, is contemplating opening a golf academy in the city for the winter months, conducting it on the lines of similar institutions in the Old Land. No doubt the venture would prove remunerative. A player could well improve his form at the indoor game, the mirrored walls giving a vivid reflection of whatever shortcomings exist. The professional contends that he can bring a player along better in one indoor lesson than in half a dozen in the open. Cumming is acknowledged to be one of the best men that we have in the business as a player, coach and club maker. Though still a young man, he is thoroughly proficient in all the branches of the game. He learned his golf at the Bridge-of-Weir, and came direct to Canada from Dumfries. His drives are long and clean, and it is at this department that he excels. His style is exceptionally good, every motion being perfectly free.

David Ritchie, the Rosedale professional, is too well known to need much description. He is a Divinity student, and in a few years will give up the royal and ancient game as a pursuit, and devote himself to his life work. He is of slighter build than Cumming, and though not so strong at the long game, is a perfect master of his irons. It will be interesting to see how Ritchie will be dealt with on his renouncing professionalism at golf and entering the Church. He will doubtless want to follow the game as a pastime, and he ought not to be debarred. The case is not without a precedent, as a United States professional has been reinstated in the amateur ranks.

Though the golf season is drawing to a close, the en-

thusiasm seems to be unabated. The Canadian links are thronged with both sexes, and on a recent Saturday, at the Franklin Park public course, Boston, 450 golfers negotiated the course.

Miss Frances Griscom, the United States champion, while abroad recently, improved her game very materially. She was schooled by old Tom Morris, and her win at Shinnecock Hills was largely due to this.

HAZARD.

Notes From the Capital.

It has been frequently remarked that in Ottawa, the very center of things political, less excitement is apparent on the eve of a general election than anywhere else throughout the Dominion. For rousing party feeling to its highest pitch, and getting up a real good political battle, the smallest town in any of the Maritime Provinces can outdistance Ottawa. Even in the smallest town of the smallest province, the "Island," as its people love to call it, party strife is worked up as it never is in Ottawa, and politics is the one absorbing topic of conversation for months ahead of the elections. The smaller the rat-pit the fiercer the fight. But it is really not to many people here the result is of such vital importance that they prefer not to discuss it, and so in society as a rule politics are mentioned only in whispers. However, as the momentous day draws near, the men one meets in the streets have either far-away, absent-minded beggar expression, or are deeply engaged in conversation with another man, or a group of men. One realizes, also, that there is going to be a hot time in this town on the 7th. Ottawa used to be a Conservative stronghold, when not to be a Tory and "in society" was almost unheard of. It was considered bad form to be "Grits," as they called them. Then Lady Macdonald reigned supreme in Ottawa, and invitations to Stadacona Hall, and later to Earncliffe, were made out from a list the chief quality of which was exclusiveness. Happily, society at the Capital has broadened, and the men who compose it—even the young men—form their own opinions, and are guided by their own judgments. Now there are as many Liberals as Conservatives in the ranks of the social elect—perhaps a greater number. We are to have another thrilling evening before the night when the returns come in; that is when the troops come marching home. Great preparations are going on to give a fitting welcome to our brave soldiers. The Parliament Buildings will be splendidly illuminated, and the owners of other large buildings in the principal streets will, no doubt, follow the good example of the Government, and light up their premises. It is one of those strikingly sad circumstances of life that the two men whose position requires them to take most prominent parts in the welcoming festivities, by whom, in fact, the chief arrangements are made, are two fathers whose sons are lying on the African veldt, shot by Boer bullets. Hon. Dr. Borden and Colonel Cotton gained universal respect by the brave way they bore their losses, laying aside personal feelings to continue public work. But undoubtedly these welcoming ceremonies will be trying for them, as the mere mention of them is to those who have lost dear ones in the war.

Last Saturday Lord and Lady Minto were present at the opening of the Department of Manual Training for Boys, which, through the generosity of Sir William Macdonald, has been started in connection with the Public schools. His Excellency read a long speech, his pleasant manner and voice making one forgive even a written speech, and one saw that he was very much in favor of the new departure in education. The Countess is immensely in favor of it—in fact it is one of her hobbies, if she may be said to possess any. She wants to go further, too, and have the girls taught manual training as well as the boys. There is a rumor that she went to Sir William Macdonald with her project, and that he refused to consider it. It is widely circulated—it may not be true—that the millionaire tobacconist is a woman-hater, and in giving the money to equip the schools with material for this curse, it is said he specially stipulated that it was only for boys. So, for the present at least, the girls are out of it. They need not despair, or waste time in envying their little brothers. From something in that written speech of the Governor-General's, one fancies Lady Minto has not given up her scheme just because Sir William Macdonald refused to assist in it, but that she is still thinking it out, and more firmly making up her mind to put it into action. Last Saturday afternoon the Boys' Brigade formed a guard of honor for His Excellency and Lady Minto. The rooms where manual training will be taught are in the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club, as there was not space enough in any of the Public schools. Three teachers, for whom Professor Robertson says he made a careful search in Great Britain, have been imported for the work of instruction. The carpenters' tables prepared for the youthful students are most fascinating things, and will make the boys wonder whether it is work or play.

The finals in the match for the championship of the Ottawa Ladies' Golf Club were played last Friday afternoon. The semi-finals had been between Mrs. Sidney Smith and Miss Florrie Swatland, Miss Lemoine and Mrs. Travers Lewis, and out of these the winners were Mrs. Sidney Smith and Miss Lemoine. Immense interest was taken in their match, for though Mrs. Smith was defending the championship, and is undoubtedly the best player in the club, Miss Lemoine has been playing in excellent form this season. So most of the lady golfers were on the links following the contestants. Mrs. Sidney Smith came out the winner, with three holes up and one to play, and so for another year is the champion Ottawa lady golfer and the owner of the beautiful diamond star which was presented to the club a year ago by Mr. Molyness St. John. Should Mrs. Sidney Smith win this trophy next year again, it becomes her exclusive property.

On Friday afternoon of this week, the May Court Club will assemble in the hall of the Y.W.C.A. for the first lecture of the season, which will be given by Miss Oakley, of the Royal Victoria College, Montreal. Lady Minto has signed her intention of being present, and is expected to have a few words to say to the May Court girls, in whom she takes a great interest. There will be tea after the lecture.

AMARYLLIS.

CHRISTY A. OCCUPIED the time the night. For a short heart-rending boat for oars. The boats had less in such and before the poor captain's boat at the mere. The number seven. To upset again heart or str. About his knees, He struck and then ' Shorty after gentleman Half an hour lighthouseing beacon no means seemingly morning the shook him, and was



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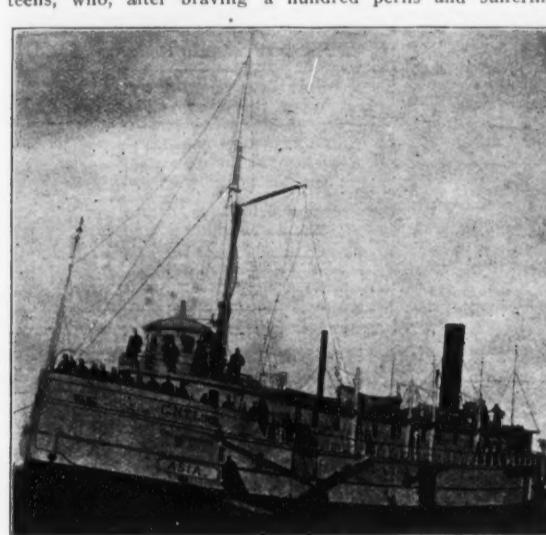
Propped and Bound.



The Wreck of the "Asia."

A Story Without a Parallel in Marine Annals.

IT was saved out of one hundred and thirty. Such is the appalling summary of the loss of life by the wreck of the propeller "Asia." That great disaster, entirely without parallel in the history of the Great Lakes, is still vividly remembered by thousands of Canadians who eagerly read its harrowing details in their newspapers on Monday morning, September 18, 1882. The occurrence was the topic of conversation in every corner of Canada. Following, as it did, close upon the loss of the "Simcoe," "Wau-buno," "Jane Miller," "Manitoulin," and other vessels on Georgian Bay, the wreck of the "Asia" did more to give that body of water a bad name than all preceding disasters combined. There had been greater losses on our inland waters. The "Lady Elgin," which sank from a collision, on Lake Michigan, carried down 330 of the 400 beings on board, but the "Asia," buffeted by one of the wildest storms that ever fell upon an unseaworthy and overladen vessel, provided a watery grave for every living creature she carried except one weak girl and a raw youth in his teens, who, after braving a hundred perils and suffering



THE STEAMER "ASIA."

untold miseries from hunger, exposure and mental anguish, drifted ashore in a boat filled with water and the dead bodies of strong men who had lost heart, lain down, and died.

The tale is simply told. When the "Manitoulin" was burned, the Great Northern Transit Company required a steamer to take her place on the route from Collingwood and Owen Sound to Sault Ste. Marie. They secured the "Asia." She was a canal-size propeller, and had been sunk in Lake George the season before by a collision, but was raised and repaired, placed on the route from Sarnia to Duluth, and in July taken to Georgian Bay. By sea, she was not looked on as a very staunch craft, but as a makeshift she was made to do.

At one o'clock on Thursday morning, 14th September, 1882, she left Owen Sound, en route to the Sault, via French River, having a heavy cargo of horses and lumber supplies for the latter place. She was laden down to the limit of her capacity, and her cabin was crowded, all the berths being full and many passengers lying on sofas and the cabin floor. All went well till morning. About eight o'clock it commenced to get rough. The sea increased, and the crew had to throw horses and freight overboard. Dishes and chairs were flying in every direction. The steamer would not obey her helm and got into the trough of the sea, every wave breaking over her. One great billow made a breach in her side; she listed over; water commenced to pour through her cabin. Though it was known that the ship was doomed, there seems to have been no panic—only the dull, stolid terror of men and women dazed by sudden disaster. Some of the passengers, it would seem, were never aware that death awaited them, but remained in their staterooms, tending sick children or wives. Those alert to the situation seized life-preservers, as far as they would go round, while the boats were made ready to launch. But, as often happens, these were overloaded or not properly equipped with oars; moreover, the sea was running mountains high, and so boat after boat was upset. In all directions the water was filled with men and women battling for dear life—many of them clinging to spars and fragments of wreckage.

About half-past eleven the "Asia," after laboring heavily for a long time in the trough of the sea, was struck by a mighty billow, and went down with her engines working.

The only one of the small boats to weather the storm was the captain's, which contained air-tight compartments, and had at one time as many as eighteen persons on board.

Duncan A. Tinkis and Christy Ann Morrison, the only survivors of the disaster, were not at first in this boat. Mr. Tinkis was in another one, which upset. He swam to the captain's boat and was lifted in. Miss Morrison, when the steamer listed over for her final plunge, took hold of the rail and slid down into the water and sank. Coming up by the side of the captain's boat, she was lifted in by the captain and the mate (her cousin). This boat contained a couple of oars.

Its occupants saw two other boats upset twice, and each time the number of persons therein was largely reduced. For a short piece the three boats drifted together, whilst heart-rending appeals were made to those in the captain's boat for oars, but the captain had none to spare. One of the boats had but one oar, and the other none at all. Helpless in such a raging sea, they capsized again and again, and before they disappeared had shaken off the last of the poor wretches who clung to them. Finally, the captain's boat upset and both oars were lost. It was then at the mercy of the waves. Four times in all it capsized. The number of its occupants was reduced from eighteen to seven. Towards dark it got calmer, and the boat had not upset again. A floating oar was picked up, but no one had heart or strength to use it.

About five o'clock in the evening the mate, getting on his knees, looked out over the waters and cried "Land!" He struck up the old hymn, "Pull for the Shore, Sailor," and then "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye," and all joined in. Shortly after the last note died away, one of the seven, a gentleman from Sault Ste. Marie, lay down and died. Half an hour later the mate succumbed. Meanwhile the lighthouse off Byng Inlet had been sighted, and its cheering beacon was only a mockery to the poor souls who had no means of directing their course. All through that seemingly interminable night they drifted on. Towards morning the captain appeared to fall asleep. Young Tinkis shook him, and, evidently thinking he was on his steamer and was called to take his watch, the poor fellow mur-

mured, "Yes, I'll be up in a minute." A huge wave struck Tinkis from him, and a moment later the captain was dead. Thus, one by one, these hardy men, inured to exposure, surrendered, while the youth and the girl lived on.

Daylight revealed the shore close at hand. Tinkis took the oar and worked the boat landwards. It was a beautiful, clear morning. Shortly after sunrise the boat stranded on Point-au-Baril. Tinkis and his companion crawled out on the rocks, and attempted to walk inland, but were too weak. Tinkis took the bodies out of the boat and laid them tenderly on the shore beyond the reach of the breakers. Then he and his companion got in again and worked their way along towards a derrick they saw in the distance. But their progress was painfully slow. Dark coming on, they again landed, broke boughs for their beds, and slept. All this time they were without food. The third day dawned, and before sunrise they were again in the boat. It was now perfectly calm, but they were thoroughly exhausted, and after sculling a short distance, gave up in despair, went ashore, and again lay down on the rocks and slept. An Indian and his squaw came along in a boat and woke them up. The Indian said it was twenty-two miles to the nearest habitation, but agreed to take the almost dying castaways to Parry Sound in return for Tinkis' watch. He also gave them bread, pork, and cold tea, but they could hardly swallow. All four then embarked in the Indian's boat for Parry Sound.

When within only two miles of their destination, on Saturday, the unfeeling redskin camped for the night, despite the remonstrances of the two sufferers, who only reached Parry Sound at about ten o'clock Sunday morning, three days after the "Asia" went down. The Indian had refused to bring along the dead bodies, but these were afterwards recovered by a search party of whites. Several other bodies were found at different times along the shore, and for months all that portion of the great Bay was strewn with mournful relics of the wreck.

The survival of Mr. Tinkis and Miss Morrison was undoubtedly due to superior faith and will power rather than to great physical strength. They clung to life with the tenacity and courage of youth. "During all those terrible hours in the boat," said Tinkis, "when our companions were dying one by one, it never occurred to me that I should be compelled to succumb. I felt perfectly sure I should reach land safely. Miss Morrison appeared to be of the same mind, and kept up with a courage and determination almost entirely unheard of."

The laws of romance would have joined the partners



THE "ASIA" WAS STRUCK BY A MIGHTY BILLOW AND WENT DOWN WITH HER ENGINES WORKING.

in such astonishing adventures as partners in the humdrum experiences of everyday life. But men and women have a fashion of going contrary to the laws of romance. Duncan A. Tinkis lives at Little Current, Manitoulin Island, where he keeps a hotel, while Christy Ann Morrison is the wife of a farmer at Kilsyth, a village near Owen Sound.

LANCE.

The Young Philosopher.

"YOUNCISM is a snide feeling of superiority," wrote the youth, painfully. "Gratitude is bought affection." "Grown up people spend too much of their time being smart. They never learn anything by being so cunning and prudent." "Grown up people tease your moral nature, and make you growl. Any fool can look after his own soul if he's not hungry."

"The opinions of some people are as tyrannical as their actions. Can't you leave a fellow's opinions alone?" "I would back my convictions against any amount of other people's experience, and I'm always goin' to."

"Experience is what lots of people mistake for knowledge. It is the rubbish that chokes up the spring of faith and self-confidence. That's straight."

"Being lazy is one thing, and not doing as you're told is another."

"Doing as you're told is one thing, and being clever is also another, and don't you forget it."

"Never say 'I can't,' say 'I won't.' It fosters self-esteem."

"If a fellow calls you an ass, never take the trouble to argue about it. Of course I refer to the habit older people have of alluding to a junior's weak points. The best way is to look rather blasé and tired. Another way is to smile indulgently and start talking about something else. I have never tried either."

"When the guv'nor tells tales of how men have started out as messenger boys and have ended up as railroad managers, don't feel discouraged because you aren't a messenger boy. You will probably either have riches thrust upon you or else you will get to be captain of a football team, without riches."

"Always evade any enquiries as to what you want to be when you are a man. Your replies may be used against you when you are at college."

"Never say you would kill Boers or Chinamen if you were a soldier. It is liable to make all your big sisters say bitter things about your courage and size."

"Never get fond of your sister's beau, even if he is a sport. She will be jealous, and will discourage your attentions."

"Always suspect treason when your sister asks questions about your chum. Keep him away, or you'll probably lose him forever."

The writer arose and stretched his cramped arms.

"I'm afraid the teacher'll give me fits for that composition. She will want to know where I got them, but I will remind her that she hollered for maxims, not quotations. I wonder if I'm as smart as I feel sometimes?"

JL.

"Art," sadly remarked the poet, "is decaying." "You are right," responded the editor, "most of it is pretty rotten, I tell you."

The Race With the Blue Wolf's Pack.

THE following is an extract taken from W. A. Fraser's great story, *Mooswa*, and illustrates the author's wonderfully vivid style:

Silver Fox had been caught in a trap, and the big-hearted Moose, in order to keep Francois the Trapper away until the Fox could make his escape, approached the shack in the morning, and, of course Francois, forgetting everything but the Bull Moose, started in pursuit. By arrangement, the Blue Wolf with his pack were to meet the tired Moose at the Pelican Portage.

The dusk was beginning to settle down as Mooswa struck straight for the Pelican Portage, though it was only four o'clock in the afternoon. Would Blue Wolf be there

to turn back the pursuer? If

by any chance his comrade missed, what a weary struggle he would have next day with the blood-thirsty Breed ever on his trail. As Mooswa neared the Portage, a low, whimpering note caught his ear. Then another answered close by, and another, and another joined in, until the woods rang with a fierce chorus—it was the Wolf-pack's Call of the Killing.

"Wh-i-m-m-p! Wh-i-m-m-p! buh-h! buh-h! buh-h!"

O-o-o-o-h-h! O-o-o-o-h-h! Bl-o-o-d!! Bl-o-o-o-d!!

That was the Wolf-cry, sounding like silvery music in the ears of the tired Moose.

"Hungry, every one of them!" he muttered. "If Francois stumbles, or sleeps, or forgets the Man-look for a minute, Rof's pack will slay him." Then he coughed asthmatically, and Blue Wolf bounded into the open, shaking his shaggy coat.

"Safe passage, Brothers, for Mooswa," he growled, with authority; "also no killing for the Hunt-man, for the hunt is of our doing."

Francois heard the Wolf-call too, and a chill struck his heart. Night was coming on, he was alone in the woods, and in front of him a Pack of hungry Wolves. Turning, he glided swiftly over the back-trail.

"The Kill-Call, Brothers," cried Rof, his sharp eyes

A Word to Prophets.

THE following forecast of the general elections, written for the Halifax "Bluenose," by a gentleman who does not take an active part in politics, but studies the political situation from all points of view and with the greatest impartiality possible, will be of great interest at this time. His opinion that the Government will be sustained is not prompted by any strong party feeling. While it is not necessarily correct because unbiased, still it has more force than opinions made by partisans. It will be interesting to refer back to this article after November 7th and see how nearly it comes to being a correct forecast.

Before attempting to foretell the future, glance at the past.

According to the Montreal "Star's" list of majorities in the latest contests for seats in the House of Commons, we find Liberals and Conservatives elected by the following majorities:

	Lib.	Con.
Over 600—		
Ontario	13	7
Quebec	22	1
East and West	6	6
	—41	—14
400-600—		
Ontario	7	6
Quebec	5	2
East and West	4	5
	—16	—34
100-400—		
Ontario	18	18
Quebec	13	8
East and West	12	8
	—43	—34
Under 100—		
Ontario	11	9
Quebec	10	3
East and West	6	8
	—27	—20

For the purposes of averages, East and West may be grouped together. If the Conservatives expect much from the West, the Liberals are just as confident of great gains in New Brunswick. West of Port Arthur seventeen members are returned. New Brunswick sends fourteen. Furthermore, this grouping divides the country into three fairly large and more nearly equal groups, thus strengthening the law of averages.

If constituencies carried by acclamation or majorities exceeding 600 are considered as comparatively safe, those carried from 400 to 600 as highly probable, those from 100 to 400 as probable, and those by less than 100 as doubtful, we find the parties stand as follows:

	Lib.	Con.
Safe—	41	14
"Safe"	16	13
"Highly Probable"	43	34
"Probable"	100	61
Doubtful	27	20

The Independents, numbering 5, are at least 3 to 2 favorable to the Government.

To win, the Conservatives must carry nearly every constituency marked "doubtful." Can this be done?

The great changes of '74, '78, and '96 were preceded by intense feeling. In '74 the Pacific scandal raised the storm. In '78 trade depression inclined the people to trust the promises of the National Policy. In '96 the bungling of the Manitoba School Question by the Conservatives and the French-Canadians' admiration for Laurier wrought the change. To-day the only strong forces at work are the French-Canadians' love for Laurier, and the contentment that exceptional prosperity has brought. The Contingent agitation is as dead as the School Question. The railway row and the scandal alarms seem to be entirely local in their effects. There is no fear of and no desire for great changes in trade policy.

Besides these things making against a great overthrow, it is well to remember that east of Port Arthur, that is, where 196 out of the 213 constituencies are, the Provincial Parliaments are Liberal. This means more to-day than it has meant before, for the Federal House is elected on the same lists.

Unless some entirely unexpected gust of passion strikes the country, there is little reason for expecting sweeping changes. Even if great things happen in the West, the Conservatives have to change a hostile vote of 2 to 1, and when that is done the change affects only 17 seats.

The other Conservative hope is Ontario; but is a Liberal majority of 9 (to say nothing of Independents who have voted with the Government) likely to be converted into a Conservative majority sufficient to offset the Liberal majority of 37 in Quebec?

When we come east to Prince Edward Island we find 3 Liberals to 2 Conservatives and no signs of great changes.

In New Brunswick, where Governments seldom meet with a chilling reception, the Liberals are practically sure of Kings, Victoria, York and Queens, and expect the French constituencies of Gloucester and Kent, with Restigouche, to side with Laurier. Their chances in St. John, Westmoreland and Albert are better than their opponents', though in Northumberland, and perhaps Carleton and Charlotte, the Conservatives have the better chance. If the Conservatives win more than five seats in New Brunswick, they will surprise themselves as much as their opponents.

In Nova Scotia the great prosperity of the mining industry means more for the Government than for the Opposition. This will affect more than the three double-barrelled constituencies in which the Conservatives place their hopes. If the Conservatives carry more than three seats in the single constituencies, they will be fortunate.

In all probability personal considerations will play a more prominent part than in the last election. These are the guesses of an ONLOOKER.

Confucian Analects.

(From the Chinese).

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Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thursday, Nov. 22, 10 a.m.
Lahn.....Tuesday, Dec. 11, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thursday, Dec. 1, 10 a.m.
New York, Bremen

Frederick der Grosse, Thursday, Nov. 8, 9 a.m.
Bonn.....Thursday, Nov. 29 noon.
Trier.....Thursday, Dec. 6, 8 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR

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Anecdotal.

The general manager of a Scotch cattle company, whose name is Tod, was registering at a Texas hotel when the clerk inquired, "Two d's or one, sir?" "Weel, ma young friend," was the reply, "so lang as the Almighty is satisfied with one d till his name one d will be good enough for John Tod."

Every presidential campaign is productive of at least one good campaign story. The best one this year is the story of an Irishman who informed a Republican friend of his intention to vote for William J. Bryan. "What are you going to do for that?" asked the Republican in a tone of indignation. "Well, sor," he replied, "I voted for William Jennings Bryan four years ago, an' we've had prosperity ever since; so I'll vote for him agin, so I will."

A story that has just come over the water is about the arrest of a German officer in Berlin. While walking along the street with a friend he made a remark about the "fool of an Emperor." A policeman quickly pined him under arrest. The officer indignantly denied that he had said anything derogatory of Emperor William. "Why," he exclaimed, "I referred to the Emperor of Russia." "That don't go," said the policeman. "I know you referred to the German Emperor. There is no other Emperor you could possibly mean."

The moors of Yorkshire and Scotland have been alive with shooters. The crack of the gun has been heard on every hand, for grouse shooting has opened for the year. During the shooting season in Great Britain accidents are comparatively rare, considering the first-class opportunities to blow off a companion's head or drill a hole through his back. But accidents do happen, and the first man to be shot this season was Lord Binning. The noble lord is a bit of a wag, and even when half his leg was perforated with shot from his own gun and he was sitting against a hedge, waiting for a stretcher to be brought, his wit did not desert him, for, as the doctor was bandaging his wounds, he remarked: "I came out to kill grouse—but 'pon my soul I seem to have bagged a calf."

Mr. Balfour's enthusiasm for golf was lately the cause of an amusing accident—amusing to the spectators, that is, but most embarrassing to a man of such a nervous temperament.

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as Mr. Balfour. He was standing on Paddington station platform, waiting for a train to Windsor. In his hand he held an umbrella, gold-handled and exquisitely done up. As he leaned upon this, gazing abstractedly at the platform, his eye became aware of a cork that lay on the boards. Evidently forgetting where he was, Mr. Balfour took his beautiful umbrella in both his hands, sauntered up to the cork, struck a proper golf attitude, and made stroke at the cork. Sure enough, he hit the object, sending it spinning, but unfortunately the tip of that umbrella snapped off and the bulk of the article went floundering across the line in the wake of the cork, leaving in Mr. Balfour's grip only the plain end. A look of blank amazement took possession of the Conservative leader's face, while the crowd on the great platform burst into a shout of laughter.

Tom L. Johnson, the famous street magnate and single taxer, is well known by his friends to be a generous man, but he admits that he could never become quite reconciled to the "tipping" habit so prevalent in Europe; and he tells this story of himself.

In front of the hotel where he stayed in London, on a recent visit, there was always standing a man who had the annoying habit of darting out to the carriage and swinging open the door before Mr. Johnson could reach it, and then he would stand expectantly to receive a tip.

"Now," says Mr. Johnson, "I shouldn't have cared if the man had come to me and said he needed assistance, but I really didn't need him to open the carriage door. The driver and myself could have managed it between us, I'm sure."

"Well, it began to be a point of honor with both of us. I would try to dash out so quickly that the man would not beat me, but he must have had gimlet eyes and rubber legs, because he could always see me before I came in sight and could spring to the carriage door in half a second. "But one day—how it happened I never could tell—I reached the carriage door first, and swung it open, panting but triumphant. The man was right after me—almost on top of me—and a look of keen chagrin came over his face as his eyes met my triumphant glance. But his confusion was only momentary, for in an instant he recovered himself, and, with a look of serene impudence, saluted and then held out his hand for a tip, saying:

"I saw you get in, sir!"

Something New and Not Nice.

A Hard Problem. Natural Music.

HAVE you seen the Bowery droop? If not, keep your eyes open at the next dance, and you possibly may. The name is descriptive of the

way those sweet young females on the East Side of New York attitudinize in the dancing of the popular waltzes.

The first peculiarity is the lean to one side of the whole figure, suggesting the extreme of lassitude and almost collapse, followed by a convulsive clinging to the manly bosom which supports the drooper and the second partnership in the dance. Glued together like two sheets of fly paper the drooper and her support swoop through the crowd. Her head hangs like a wilted flower, she leans upon his glossy shirt front with hear-my-heart-beat lean. At the last note of the dance she suddenly straightens her vertebral column, opens her eyes, closes her lips and lifts her head. The droop is over, and a good thing it is, for as I heard a man say one evening lately: "If a daughter of mine struck that attitude," and pap's further eloquent silence was blue with possibilities. The "droop" is perhaps the most unladylike and thoroughly Bowery peculiarity which has been imported in this age of slang, vaudeville jokes and negro vocalization. Away with it, you nice girls who have been practising it, to the silent disgust of friends who look on. If you could only see the models you are copying you'd be cured in very short order.

Have you ever gone to a funny show with the woman who would not laugh? At first you point out the jokers to her, and she turns a cold eye upon you and says: "Indeed!" Then you laugh uproariously at the next funny hit, just to give her a lead. If you look quickly around before she has time to force a wintry smile to her stiff features, you'll probably find her eyes upon the ceiling, her lap, or anywhere but upon the stage humorist, and an expression upon her nose which will suggest a leak in the gas pipes to you at once, a curl, half annoyed, half uncomfortable, all disgusted, upon her lips, and her chin well up in the air. You say, "Don't you like vaudeville?" and she says, "Not very much." And you wish her well at home, for there are eight more "turns" before God Save the Queen. Then by and by you harden yourself, and determine to laugh as much as you like, "for all her," as the street children say. And she turns her back to the stage. If you are in a box, or reads the advertisements on the programme, if elsewhere, and by and by she sighs and says, "Is there much more?" and you say, smartly, "Oh, we can go any time!" but she won't go. She uses her smelling salts and fans herself with closed eyes when the girl in tights begins to climb the trapeze. At last she owns to a headache, and just as the best act is announced she asks you if you'd mind very much going now? If you are foolish you go—if you are wise to say, "Oh, I think as we have stayed so long, I should prefer to remain to the end," and you remain, and suddenly you hear her chuckling, and presently she laughs, for this sort of woman will bully you. If you don't bully her, if you are quite horrid to her it seems to set her to rights immediately. It's the only way to conquer her.

The other day I met a woman very fair to see and, being most susceptible, I was much impressed. Presently she made a remark to me, and the sound



"Rastus (interrupting minister during marriage ceremony)—Pahson, would you min' readin' dat part about "love, honor an' obey" jest once mo'; I doan' want de bride to disremember it."

Rivals.

The rival candidates both drove out to a village to deliver rival speeches. They had both been asked to dine at the house of a farmer who held some political sway.

When they reached the farmhouse one felt unwell.

His companion had a ravenous appetite.

"Mr. H—," said the housewife, with some indignation, "I see you are not eating much! I know the dinner isn't first-class, but it is the best I could get up."

"My good woman, the dinner is perfect, but I am ill. In addition to that, I have to make a speech immediately, and I can't speak well after eating freely."

"Yes," responded the woman, with spirit, "I know how it is—an empty wagon makes the loudest noise!"

The politician was silent. The other man ate ravenously.

His Present.

Knives, oyster forks, teaspoons, or carvers?

Or a jardiniere, punch bowl or stein?

Or the odd to choosing a present

For the woman who might have been, mine!

A toilet, a dinner or tea set,

Or a dainty, small book, just to show

That she isn't forget by the fellow

She loved in the long, long ago?

"At home after 1st of October"

In a mansion that's wondrous fine;

He has thousands where I've but a

penny—

And the woman who might have been,

mine!

Will she know, will she see what I send

her?

If she sees, will she pitying, throw

Even one little thought to the beggar

She loved in the long, long ago?

"I sent just a bunch of red roses—

The flower she loved—with a line,

Would they stir one regret in the bosom

Of the woman who might have been

mine?

"Beg pardon? Yes, please—send the tea

spoons.

My card? Never mind it." (Heigho!

What profit, to rake the dead ashes

From the fire of long, long ago?)

"Town Topics."

Correspondence Coupon.

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1. Graphological studies must consist of

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ing several capital letters.

2. Letters will be

answered in their order, unless under unusual

circumstances. Correspondents need not

take up their own and the Editor's time by writing

reminders and requests for haste.

3. Quota-

ions, scrapes or postal cards are not studied.

4. Please address Correspondence Column.

Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons

are not studied.

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and likewise your opinions. Honesty is marked. Love of beauty and a rather

genius of natural and acquired taste are shown.

Maple Leaf, Montreal.—This study is

rather a crude one. The force and en-

ergy are good and the disposition prac-

tical. The determination to do is

stronger than the power to plan. Either

from youth or lack of experience, the

Some Popular Fallacies.

(From "Hocus-Pocus," a Journal of the Home.)

IT is indeed difficult to conceive how such totally unwarranted ideas ever obtain the slightest credence, not to say become accepted almost universally as the most undeniable truths.

Take, for instance, the popular fable of "Washington crossing the Delaware," an episode that has been celebrated in song and story, and even perpetuated in the paintings of presumably well-informed painters.

Now, reference to any school history of the United States will show that the American forces were led on that occasion by a man named Higgins, Ahenobarbus J. Higgins. True, there was a party named Washington in the army at the time, in the commissionary, probably, but his only known claim to distinction lay in his rigid economy, it being said of him that he could make a dollar go further than any other man of his day.

Consider the immense amount of slush that has gone into circulation concerning the Duke of Wellington and the battle of Waterloo.

"Up Guards, and at 'em!" and all that sort of rot. The fact is that any French or German schoolboy will tell you that Wellington was not in the battle at all, being occupied at the time in composing a round-robin in an ale-house at Brussels. When informed some days later that a battle had been fought and Napoleon vanquished, he refused to believe it and gave the matter absolutely no credence until he read the accounts in the London "Times."

Another aged and well-known piece of falsification is the time-honored story of Hannibal leading his army over the Italian Alps.

Strange as it may seem, there are hundreds of people that believe firmly to the present day in the colossal yarn. Travellers in Italy know only too well that there are no Alps, were no Alps, and never have been any Alps. The country is as flat as a pine board and overflowed like a lot of Arkansas bottoms, and if Hannibal ever did any travelling in those parts it was by canal-boat or snow.

A prominent case in question, and one that has been much discussed recently, is the well-known episode of Barbara Fritchie. Now, putting aside all the twaddle that has been written about this character, it has been finally and conclusively proven—

1. That she could not have waved a flag, being ninety-six years old and bed-ridden.

2. That she was born in Hunts, O., Briggsville, Me., and Veracity, Pa.; was never outside the town limits of her native place in her life, it being consequently a physical impossibility for her to have participated in any doings in Frederick, Md.

3. That there never was a Barbara in the Fritchie family. Her name was Mary Ann.

4. That there was no Fritchie family. The name was Hoogen.

5. That Stonewall Jackson was never in Frederick. During this period he was teaching school at Hones Path, S.C.

6. That there is no such town as Frederick on the map, and never has been. The name is Jones's Falls.

7. That Jackson did not interfere at all. The soldiers did fire on her, but could not hurt her, she being a Christian Scientist.

8. That there wasn't any war.

But, in spite of facts and proofs and data, many folks will doubtless continue these fallacious beliefs to the end of time.

William Tell was a myth; Paul Revere's ride was a fizzle, his automobile breaking down inside the city limits; Thermopylae was a creation of the press censor, merely; and Dewey was never really a candidate.

And so the native hue of tradition is sickled over with the pale cast of fact. It would indeed seem difficult to conceive how these fallacies ever obtain a start and go down to History as assured truths.—W. S. Adkins, in "Puck."

Noblesse Oblige.

A pretty story is told of the late Duchess of Teck, who from her childhood was a favorite representative of royalty to the English people. When she was a young girl some action which she thought unworthy of her birth was suggested to her.

"No," she said, smiling, "I am the Princess Mary of Great Britain and Ireland. And—touching her breast—"I feel it here."

Among royal families, it is said, the Swedish sovereigns, descendants of Jean Bernadotte, most strongly insist upon the high duty which the king owes to his rank. Noblesse oblige was taught to all the sons of Oscar I, by

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their father, as the chief rule of their lives.

One day, says the author of "Cameos and Curios of Court Life," the king was driving with his son Charles, when a poor boy attracted the attention of the prince.

"Let me throw a franc to that fellow, father," he pleaded.

"You may hand him a franc; you must not throw it to him. He, too, may be a prince some day."

Prince Charles was anxiously trained by his mother, the Princess Josephine, in the highest code of good manners. One day she found him lolling at full length on the sofa.

"That is not a becoming way of taking your ease," she said.

The boy's eyes twinkled. "But, mamma," he said, "I learned this attitude from Herr Bostrom"—his tutor.

The princess was silenced for a moment. Then she said, "When you are as learned and good a man as Herr Bostrom you may do as he does, but not before."

One day the sentry on duty barred the way to the prince into a courtyard which was absolutely interdicted to the royal children.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, in a fury.

"You are Prince Charles, but I cannot let you pass," said the man, firmly.

"Then you make sure of your twenty-five, according to law!" and the boy ran to his father, demanding that the man should have twenty-five lashes, the usual punishment for insulting a member of the royal family.

"Here," said the king, "are as many riksdalers. Give them to him for doing his duty."

Prince Charles carried them to the sentry. "Here are the twenty-five, as I promised you," he said. The soldier bowed low, but there was a twinkle in his eye and in that of the prince showed that they both understood.

True to the Name.

The group on the front porch was discussing the merits and demerits of the house dog, a magnificent animal that lay basking in the sun.

"Have you any idea," asked one of the guests, "why he is called a 'Great Dane'?"

"Yes," slowly replied the owner of the dog. "It has always seemed to me that it must be because it is such a great 'deign' for him to notice any smaller animal."

A young woman with a pug nose turned it up slightly at this explanation, but there were no other signs of dissent.

The Making of Aphorisms.

The public has a way of making its own proverbs by seizing upon some phrase in a writer and giving it an aphoristic turn. "Truth," 'tis supposed, may bear all lights, and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule itself." So Shaftesbury wrote. But the form was too long, and the public set to work, finally turning the thing out as "ridicule is the test of truth." This is neat, no doubt; but has the thought been kept intact?

A Rare Kind of Disciple.

"Outlook."

Merely as a novelist Tolstoy would probably never have attained any considerable vogue with English readers; but his exegetical writings have found a wider public, especially "My Religion." A distinct, if small, body of people explicitly take him for their leader, and one or more settlements are founded upon purely Tolstoyan principles. One instance of the direct influence of his teaching may be mentioned. A man in receipt of an excellent salary, with no means of support outside that salary, suddenly determined to put the theories of Tolstoy to the test in his own person. He believed in the whole present system of economics and determined to divorce himself entirely from it. He started by throwing up his situation. "I may have to go barefoot," he said to his friends, "and beg for a crust, but I cannot help that. All I know is that I am impelled to take this course. Whether I am wrong or right I can only discover by the test of actual experience." And this was a keen man of business, with no symptom of the fanatic about him. We do not hear of many such disciples.

His Amendment.

Years ago a bill entitled "An Act for the Preservation of the Heath Hen and Other Game" was introduced into the New York House of Assembly.

The speaker of the house, who was not especially interested in matters of this kind, gravely read it, "An Act for the Preservation of the Heathen and Other Game."

He was blissfully unconscious of his blunder until an honest member from the northern part of the state, who had suffered from the depredations of the frontier Indians, rose to his feet.

"I should like to move an amendment to the bill," he said, mildly, by adding the words, "except Indians."



The Owl—Hoot! Hoot!
Sandy Dobson—Hoot, mon! Sure
that's Duncan McClarion's. I'd ken
his voice on-a-were.

A Strange Case.

Eye Trouble Which Developed Into Running Sores.

Doctors Said It Was Consumption of the Blood, and Recovery Was Looked Upon as Almost Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought a Cure.

From the "Herald," Georgetown, Ont.

Our reporter recently had the pleasure of calling on Mr. William Thompson, paper maker, at William Barber & Bros.' mills, a well known and respected citizen of our town, for the purpose of inquiring the details of his son's long illness and his remarkable recovery through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Thompson kindly gave us the following information, which will speak for itself: "About two and a half years ago my eldest son, Garnet, who is fifteen years old, took what I supposed to be inflammation in his left eye. He was taken to a physician, who advised me to take him to an eye specialist, which I did, only to find out that he had lost the sight of the eye completely. The disease spread from his eye to his wrist, which became greatly swollen, and was lanced no less than eleven times. His whole arm was completely useless, although he was not suffering any pain. From his wrist it went to his foot, which was also lanced a couple of times, but without bringing relief. The next move of the trouble was to the upper part of the leg, where it broke out, large quantities of matter running from the sore. All this time my boy was under the best treatment I could procure, but with little or no effect. The trouble was pronounced consumption of the blood, and I was told by the doctors that you would not come across a case like it in five hundred. When almost discouraged, and not knowing what to do for the best, a friend of mine urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saying that he had a son who was afflicted with a somewhat similar disease and had been cured by the pills. I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and secured some of them at the drug store, and after my boy had taken two boxes I could see the color coming back to his sallow complexion and noted a decided change for the better. He went on taking them and in a few months from the time he started to use them I considered him perfectly cured and not a trace of the disease left except his blind eye, the sight of which he had lost before he started to use the pills. He has now become quite fleshy, and I consider him one of the healthiest boys in the community. If any person is desirous of knowing the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills you may direct them to me, as I can highly recommend them to any person afflicted as my boy was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every boy you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

You Know How It Is.

When you find the coffee scalding, and no laces in your shoes.

When you've but ten minutes left to catch your train;

When you leave the household started at the energy you use,

As you rush without your coat into the rain—

Oh, then is the time that you bless the day

When the suburbs enticed you to travel that way!

When you reach the station breathless, and upon inquiry find

That the train has just been signalled "very late";

When you suddenly remember that you've left your keys behind,

And you wonder whether to go back or wait—

Oh, then is the time you resolve with a frown,

To remove from the suburbs, and go back to town!

A Neat Finale.

Mr. R. G. Knowles, the "American" comedian, at one of his performances in Hull, had already responded to numerous calls from a delighted audience and was, as a final effort, "philosophizing" in his usual inimitable manner, when a baby in the back part of the amphitheater commenced crying in a particularly distressing way. "R. G." stopped short, looked annoyed, and commenced again, but all to no purpose; the baby was "one too many," even for him. At last, after some two or three other futile attempts to continue, he turned what promised to be a disappointing ending into a very neat and successful finale by exclaiming: "Some things are like good resolutions—they should be carried out!" Then he made his exit, amid roars of laughter.

Saved Her the Trouble.

"Do I make myself plain?" asked the singular lecturer on "Woman's Rights," stopping in the middle of her discourse. "You don't have to, mom," replied a voice from the rear; "Providence done it for you long ago."

In a Cheap Restaurant

Grump—Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat? Walter—We hain't anxious about the religion of our customers, sir!

What Causes Deafness.

The Principal Cause is Curable, But Generally Overlooked.

Many things may cause deafness, and very often it is difficult to trace a cause. Some people inherit deafness. Acute diseases like scarlet fever sometimes cause deafness. But by far the most common cause of loss of hearing is catarrh of the head and throat.

A prominent specialist on ear troubles gives us his opinion that nine out of ten cases of deafness are traced to throat trouble; this is probably overstated, but it is certainly true that more than half of all cases of poor hearing were caused by catarrh.

The catarrhal secretion in the nose and throat finds its way into the Eustachian tube and by clogging it up very soon affects the hearing and the hardening of the secretion makes the loss of hearing permanent, unless the catarrh which caused the trouble is cured.

Those who are hard of hearing may think this a little far fetched, but anyone at all observant must have noticed how a hard cold in the head will affect the hearing and that catarrh, if long neglected, will certainly impair the sense of hearing and ultimately cause deafness.

If the nose and throat are kept clear and free from the unhealthy secretions of catarrh, the hearing will at once greatly improve, and anyone suffering from deafness and catarrh can satisfy themselves on this point by using a fifty-cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a new catarrh cure, which in the past year has won the approval of thousands of catarrh sufferers as well as physicians, because it is in convenient form to use, contains no cocaine or opiate, and is as safe and pleasant for children as for their elders.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is a whole-some combination of Blood root, Guaiacum, Eucalyptol and similar antiseptics and they cure catarrh and catarrhal deafness by action upon the blood and mucous membrane of the nose and throat.

As one physician aptly expresses it: "You do not have to draw upon the imagination to discover whether you are getting benefit from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; improvement and relief are apparent from the first tablet taken."

All druggists sell and recommend them. They cost but fifty cents for full sized package, and any catarrh sufferer who has wasted time and money on sprays, salves and powders will appreciate to the full the merit of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

The Making of Aphorisms.

The public has a way of making its own proverbs by seizing upon some phrase in a writer and giving it an aphoristic turn. "Truth," 'tis supposed, may bear all lights, and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule itself." So Shaftesbury wrote. But the form was too long, and the public set to work, finally turning the thing out as "ridicule is the test of truth." This is neat, no doubt; but has the thought been kept intact?

Our Only General.

Brown—Who is the general most talked about just now, Jones? Jones—Of course, Lord Roberts. "No, guess again." Sir Redvers Buller or French? "Wrong again. You must know." "Well, then, Lord Kitchener." "Out of it. Quite out of it." Jones (angrily)—Then I give it up. Who is it? Brown (triumphant)—General Election!

Hints to Young Footballers.

In view of the football season now commencing, I have been requested to give some hints to young footballers, and with my customary bon ton I hasten to oblige. To play football properly one requires to be a kicker. In order to harden the feet the young beginner should practice for an hour daily kicking the back fence. It may hurt the fence, but no matter. What is fencing compared with football?

Having learnt to kick, procure a ball. This may either be purchased or purloined; it is purely a matter for personal discretion. The young beginner will now need a companion. Place the ball in a field; stand fifty yards off, and get your companion to do ditto in the opposite direction. Both make for the ball at once, and each kick your hardest. If you miss the ball and kill your companion, or he kills you, do not worry. The career of both of you as





MUSIC & &

HE PRINCESS CHIC, comic opera by Julian Edwards, which received its first Toronto production in January last, has been on a return visit to the Grand Opera House all the week, and has been meeting with general favor. The opera may be said to be in its second edition, as several alterations and improvements have been made in it since last season. It is pretty little opera, in many respects reaching the opera comique standard, and is all the more welcome as the book and dialogue are free from the suggestive coarseness which has disgraced so many musical plays that have been brought to this city during the past few seasons. The composer, moreover, has avoided the "nigger" vulgarities, and, with one or two exceptions, the tawdry marches which form the greater part of the material of the up-to-date Yankee comic opera. The company has made several changes in its cast of principals since it was here last. Miss Methot, the Princess Chic, has been replaced by Miss Marguerite Sylva, Miss Hepner as Estelle by Agnes Paul, and the three comedians, Richard Golden, Harry Brown and Will Mandeville by Thomas C. Leary, Neil Neil and Walter Lawrence. Mr. J. C. Miron as Brevet and Miss Mathilde Previle as Lorraine have been retained. It would have been difficult, however, in any case to find a satisfactory substitute for Mr. Miron, whose fine, robust voice and excellent acting are not often combined in a light opera singer. Marguerite Sylva succeeded in winning the favor of her audiences. She is an actress of resource, and with an easy, vivacious style, and has a sweet and musical voice, which she uses without apparent effort. One of her best numbers was the Waltz song, Come Love, Go Love, which is eminently melodious, although conventional, and in which a happy ad captandum effect is produced by the refrain for the chorus, sung pianissimo. Miss Mathilde Previle has in The Love Light in Your Eyes one of the best musical numbers in the opera, and on Monday night it was recognized with an enthusiastic encore, and no doubt met a similar reception at the subsequent performances. The song which has the most "go" in it is War Is a Bountiful Jade, sung by Mr. Miron at the opening of the third act, and its stirring, martial ring, its catchy tune and its robust chorus, with anvil accompaniment, constitute features which are sure to make it the hit of the opera with every audience. Something, however, must be said for the spirited manner in which Mr. Miron sang it—with a big sonorous tone that filled the house. The comic element was, of course, much in favor on the opening night, and it must be said of the comedians that there is nothing objectionable in their fun. The orchestration of the opera is sparkling in the lighter parts, and refined in the sentimental scenes as was remarked on the occasion of the first production. The performance deserves liberal patronage, and as there are two performances to-day (Saturday) those of our citizens who have not heard the opera have yet an opportunity of showing that they wish to encourage an entertainment that while enjoyable on its musical merits is perfectly clean and free from offence.

The first of Manager Houston's popular military concerts, which was given last Saturday night, attracted an audience of about two thousand people to the Massey Hall. An enjoyable programme was supplied by the Band of the 48th Highlanders, who are showing most satisfactory progress in their playing; Miss Nelle James, contralto; Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. James Fox, and Mr. Frank Yeigh, with his South African views. The returned veterans, Privates Vanderwater, Burritt and Cuthbert, related some of their exciting experiences in the war, and were given a most enthusiastic reception.

The subscription lists for the Toronto Male Chorus Club have appeared, and, judging from the number of signatures reported in the short time they have been issued, the enterprise and courage of the club in placing such great attractions before the public at the club's usual charge, viz., \$1, will be justified and rewarded. For the convenience of the public subscription lists have been placed at the principal music stores and also at the Bain Book Company. Mr. Tripp, the conductor, thinks the chorus numbers of the concert will be better than ever.

The choir of St. Simon's Church, under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, will furnish the music at the choral evensong at Trinity College at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. The music sung will be appropriate to the season, including Field's anthem, God Shall Wipe Away All Tears.

Last Saturday afternoon pupils of F. H. Torrington gave the following recital at the Toronto College of Music: Thomas, Going to Market, vocal, Miss Davidson; Raff, La Fileuse, Mabel Breuls; Kalkbrenner, Study, Mae Van Wyck; Tosti, Matinata, vocal, Mrs. Armstrong; (a) Mendelssohn, Spring Song, (b) Chopin, Nocturne, Annie Stone; Gounod, O Divine Redeemer, vocal, Pauline Breckell; (a) Chopin, Study No. 2, Rachmaninoff, Prelude, Mabel Tait; Sullivan, Lost Chord.

vocal, Lillian Kirby; My Song Shall Be Ever Thy Mercy (Hymn of Praise) vocal, Miss Eileen Millett and Mr. Arledge.

The Woman's Morning Music Club, which for many seasons past has been doing good service in the cause of good music in London, Ont., gave a very successful inaugural concert at Cronyn Hall on the 22nd ult. The event was announced as an "artists' concert," and the programme was therefore supplied by professionals. Those who appeared were Mr. Thomas Martin, the local solo pianist; Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes, contralto, and Mr. Maurice Poure, solo violinist, of St. Thomas. The character of the programme may be judged when it is stated that it included compositions by Chopin, Henselt, Moszkowski, Weber, Liszt, Nevin, Wlenawski and Vieusseux. Mr. Hewlett and Miss Fannie Raymond were the accompanists. The local papers speak in the highest terms of the manner in which all the numbers were rendered. Surprise was expressed at the fine playing of Mr. Poure, for whom great future is predicted by the "News." It is gratifying to hear that high-class concerts of this character are so well appreciated in the Forest City.

Mr. Torrington and others who believe that there is a taste for classical and romantic music among the masses, propose to start a series of Monday popular concerts, at which the price of seats will be fifteen cents, and at which the great compositions of the masters of chamber music will be performed. The experiment is no doubt well worth trying. It would, however, be a veritable surprise to find one of the large concert halls filled with an audience at fifteen cents a head to listen to Beethoven's sonatas for the piano and string quartettes by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart and Beethoven. I hope the scheme will be carried out, and wish it every success.

The concert given by the popular violinist Mr. Paul Hahn, in Association Hall on Wednesday of last week, achieved a brilliant success, the hall being well filled by a fashionable and musically appreciative audience. Mr. Hahn, whose playing shows of late increased judgment in interpretation, greater breadth of tone and more assurance of technique, gave Chopin's Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2 (the Servants' transcription), a Spanish dance by Popper, the Traumerei by Schumann and a brilliant "perpetual motion" movement by Parlow, in which his development in these essentials was well in evidence. Miss Katharine Ruth Heyman, a solo pianist who is rapidly becoming to the front of American virtuoso artists, more than confirmed the good impression she made on the occasion of her first appearance here some seasons ago. She played the Tausig arrangement of Slegmund's Love Song, Chopin's Polonaise in E flat, Sinding's Spring Murmurs and Marche Grotesque, Lasson's Crescendo, the Liszt Etude in D flat, and the same master's arrangement of Paganini's violin solo, Campanella. Miss Heyman is a charming player, with a warm emotional temperament, and with a most satisfying touch, which never forces the instrument into harsh or strident tones, but, on the contrary, gets from it a mellow, sweet quality of sound even in fortissimo. She is an expert in the use of the tempo rubato, but employs it with judgment. The Campanella number, with its exacting demands upon technique, afforded a satisfactory test of her powers of execution. The Marche Grotesque of Sinding took the fancy of the audience. It is a novelty here, and its title is quite appropriate.

At the Metropolitan School of Music several full scholarships, good to the successful candidates for free instruction from this week to the end of next June, have been awarded as follows: Miss Nina B. McVey, elocution under Miss Lillian Burns; Miss May A. MacKinnon, piano under Mr. Peter C. Kennedy; Miss Isla Stewart of Fort Credit, piano under Miss Annie J. Proctor; Miss Emily Scott, vocal under Miss Bertha Rogers; Miss Zola L. Jessop, piano under Miss Celia M. Tufford; Miss Hattie E. Brunskill of Cooksville, piano under Miss A. B. Todd. Several partial scholarships were also awarded by the following teachers: Miss Kate Archer, Signor and Madame Sajous, Mr. W. Y. Archibald, Miss Lillian Burns, Mr. F. Arthur Oliver and Mr. W. O. Forsyth, besides a violin partial scholarship under Miss Archer. One very desirable piano scholarship still remains open and may be entered for up to next Monday. This is the "Heintzman & Co." \$50 scholarship, which, in effect, means that the successful candidate will not only receive piano instruction from Mr. W. O. Forsyth at virtually half fees until the latter part of next June, but will, in addition, secure a special form of certificate carrying with it a distinct honor which, later, would be materially valuable in a professional teaching career.

gramme consisted chiefly of ballads, a style of composition in which she is very happy in rendering. Although Miss Morgan gave sixteen numbers during the evening she sustained the musical quality of her voice to the last, without showing any signs of fatigue, a fact which speaks well for her method. Her singing was marked by that refinement and finish of style which were noted on the occasion of her appearance at the Massey Hall. Miss Mabel O'Brien gave variety to the programme by contributing three piano numbers, which she played with much ability. Miss Byford, who had been advertised as the solo pianist, did not appear, and it is understood that she will give a concert on her own account later in the season. Mrs. Blight and Miss Dalas were the accompanists.

Miss Laurine Augusta Kaiser, a local debutante, gave a concert in Association Hall on Thursday of last week, which was a success, save that the presence of a large audience was wanting. Miss Kaiser is a soprano with a pleasing voice and sings very prettily. She had the assistance of Miss Lydia Kathleen Duffus, elocutionist, and Miss Winifred Skeath violinist, a clever pupil of Mr. John Bayley.

Court Rouille, L.O.F., gave a very well attended popular concert in Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week, at which the artists engaged were Miss Beverly Robinson, soprano; Miss La Dell, elocutionist; Owen A. Smily, reciter; James Fax, comic singer, and the Sherlock Male Quartette. Miss Robinson sang with her accustomed attractiveness, and in a couple of old ballads sang with a facility of style which delighted the audience. Miss La Dell and Mr. Smily gave a selection of recitations that were much appreciated, and the quartette, who are in demand in these days, contributed a couple of numbers with the excellent ensemble for which they have won a reputation.

Mr. Holmes Cowper, one of the leading tenor soloists in Chicago, has been engaged for the Messiah, in this city, on December 18. Mr. Cowper's repertoire of all the oratorio and standard works is very comprehensive.

Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville, the well-known concert director, has secured for a short Canadian tour the celebrated New York Ladies' Trio, assisted by Miss Lillian Carlsmith of New York, contralto, and Margaret Stillwell, pianist, of New York. This is said to be a strong attraction. They will appear in Toronto in January, 1901.

The Royal Choral Society of London, Eng., Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., conductor, has just issued its announcement for the coming season. The following works are to be given: November 8, Elijah; December 6, Judas Maccabaeus; January 1, 1901, Messiah; January 24, Scenes from the Song of Hiawatha; February 20, Hora Novisima and Ninth (choral) Symphony of Beethoven; March 14, Israel in Egypt; April 5, Messiah; April 25, Walpurgis Night and Hymn of Praise.

The half-year scholarship donated by Heintzman & Co. at the Toronto Junction College of Music has been awarded to Mr. Leslie Horner, Toronto Junction. The winner receives free tuition with Miss Macmillan for half a year. Mr. Horner is to be congratulated, as there were several clever competitors. A musicale given by pupils of the college in the auditorium of the High School on Monday night, October 29, attracted a large audience. The teachers whose pupils gave the programme were Misses Macmillan, Payne, Cornock, Davis, Burns, Rowntree, Hilborn, Mrs. Chattoe-Morton and Mr. G. H. Ozburn. The manner of performance of the different numbers reflected great credit on the teachers, and the Banjo and Guitar Club gave evidence of careful work. The attendance at the college is much increased this season, and the prospects for success were never so bright.

The Scandinavian solo pianist, Alulf Hjorvard, appeared at a concert on Wednesday evening in Association Hall, before a small audience. The new-comer, who is a robust player, with a fluent technique, did not make a profound impression with the critical portion of the audience, and his readings did not command themselves at all to conservative judgment. He jangled along the Chopin Military Polonaise at a break-neck pace and without the slightest nuance, thus imparting to it a characterless, commonplace flavor, and he read the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata in a fitful, uneven style which one could not approve. It is said, however, that Herr Hjorvard was not in his usual form, and was suffering from nervous prostration, a fact which may account for his eccentric renderings. Miss Mansfield, a pleasing soprano with a brilliant voice, was the vocalist, and Herr Kraus-Caroly, who acted as substitute for Signor Quintano, who was ill, contributed several violin solos with good executive ability.

CHERUBINO.

Discovered Their Reason.

"Now, in America," remarked the tourist, "women frequently buy hats costing fifty dollars." "Yes," replied the Sultan of Sulu, "I understand that in America the men generally object very strongly to having more than one wife."—Judge."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

MISS EDNA LOUISE SUTHERLAND

ELOCUTIONIST

Graduate Emerson College, Boston. For four years reader in "Boston Rivals" Concert Company. Open to engagement in Canada for two months. Pupils received. Address—50 Pembroke Street.

Miss Hope Morgan gave a farewell recital last Saturday in the Conservatory of Music hall, which was crowded with a very fashionable audience, who gave the fair singer an enthusiastic reception. Miss Morgan's pro-

gramme consisted chiefly of ballads, a style of composition in which she is very happy in rendering. Although Miss Morgan gave sixteen numbers during the evening she sustained the musical quality of her voice to the last, without showing any signs of fatigue, a fact which speaks well for her method. Her singing was marked by that refinement and finish of style which were noted on the occasion of her appearance at the Massey Hall. Miss Mabel O'Brien gave variety to the programme by contributing three piano numbers, which she played with much ability. Miss Byford, who had been advertised as the solo pianist, did not appear, and it is understood that she will give a concert on her own account later in the season. Mrs. Blight and Miss Dalas were the accompanists.

Miss Laurine Augusta Kaiser, a local debutante, gave a concert in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week, which was a success, save that the presence of a large audience was wanting. Miss Kaiser is a soprano with a pleasing voice and sings very prettily. She had the assistance of Miss Lydia Kathleen Duffus, elocutionist, and Miss Winifred Skeath violinist, a clever pupil of Mr. John Bayley.

Court Rouille, L.O.F., gave a very well attended popular concert in Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week, at which the artists engaged were Miss Beverly Robinson, soprano; Miss La Dell, elocutionist; Owen A. Smily, reciter; James Fax, comic singer, and the Sherlock Male Quartette. Miss Robinson sang with her accustomed attractiveness, and in a couple of old ballads sang with a facility of style which delighted the audience. Miss La Dell and Mr. Smily gave a selection of recitations that were much appreciated, and the quartette, who are in demand in these days, contributed a couple of numbers with the excellent ensemble for which they have won a reputation.

Mr. Holmes Cowper, one of the leading tenor soloists in Chicago, has been engaged for the Messiah, in this city, on December 18. Mr. Cowper's repertoire of all the oratorio and standard works is very comprehensive.

Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville, the well-known concert director, has secured for a short Canadian tour the celebrated New York Ladies' Trio, assisted by Miss Lillian Carlsmith of New York, contralto, and Margaret Stillwell, pianist, of New York. This is said to be a strong attraction. They will appear in Toronto in January, 1901.

The half-year scholarship donated by Heintzman & Co. at the Toronto Junction College of Music has been awarded to Mr. Leslie Horner, Toronto Junction. The winner receives free tuition with Miss Macmillan for half a year. Mr. Horner is to be congratulated, as there were several clever competitors. A musicale given by pupils of the college in the auditorium of the High School on Monday night, October 29, attracted a large audience. The teachers whose pupils gave the programme were Misses Macmillan, Payne, Cornock, Davis, Burns, Rowntree, Hilborn, Mrs. Chattoe-Morton and Mr. G. H. Ozburn. The manner of performance of the different numbers reflected great credit on the teachers, and the Banjo and Guitar Club gave evidence of careful work. The attendance at the college is much increased this season, and the prospects for success were never so bright.

The Scandinavian solo pianist, Alulf Hjorvard, appeared at a concert on Wednesday evening in Association Hall, before a small audience. The new-comer, who is a robust player, with a fluent technique, did not make a profound impression with the critical portion of the audience, and his readings did not command themselves at all to conservative judgment. He jangled along the Chopin Military Polonaise at a break-neck pace and without the slightest nuance, thus imparting to it a characterless, commonplace flavor, and he read the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata in a fitful, uneven style which one could not approve. It is said, however, that Herr Hjorvard was not in his usual form, and was suffering from nervous prostration, a fact which may account for his eccentric renderings. Miss Mansfield, a pleasing soprano with a brilliant voice, was the vocalist, and Herr Kraus-Caroly, who acted as substitute for Signor Quintano, who was ill, contributed several violin solos with good executive ability.

CHERUBINO.

Discovered Their Reason.

"Now, in America," remarked the tourist, "women frequently buy hats costing fifty dollars." "Yes," replied the Sultan of Sulu, "I understand that in America the men generally object very strongly to having more than one wife."—Judge."

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

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November 3, 1900

Four Notable Books

Each is the best of its kind
and all deserve to be
popular.

The books which we are now placing in such quantities from Halifax to Victoria are of four classes. There is an animal book; a beautiful love story; a remarkable religious novel; and, to be quite in the spirit of the times, a political novel.

The Animal Book is W. A. Fraser's

"Mooswa"

And Others of the Boundaries" and marks a long step by its author up the ladder of fame.

It is not a bit like Kipling. They both write of animals, that's the only similarity. Aesop also wrote of animals, and yet Kipling cannot be accused of "sinking his individuality" and copying Aesop.

There are chapters in "Mooswa" that for vigor of style and power of description have never been excelled. Arthur Heming, the artist, has established his reputation by the twelve drawings in "Mooswa." He now lives in New York and cannot begin to take on all the commissions offered by publishers for animal illustrations.

The cover design by Mr. Gordon is superb.

The name of Mrs. Humphry Ward is familiar to every intelligent reader of good, wholesome fiction. Mrs. Ward has just written a book which many consider her greatest work. It is called

"Eleanor"

It appeared serially in *Harper's Magazine* and attracted a great deal of attention. 65,000 copies were sold before day of publication.

There have been plenty of religious novels and novels "with a purpose" written, but we venture to say that none has provoked the discussion and aroused the general public to the same extent as the

"Master Christian"

By Marie Corelli.

It has been called by many eminent men "untruthful," "uninteresting," "weak," "immoral," "exaggerated," and Corelli's "least important work," while others equally eminent, such as Joseph Parker, of London, England, say "it is truthful," "it is interesting," "it is strong," "it is moral," "it is not exaggerated," and "it is her most important work."

All very interesting commercially to the publisher.

Everybody reads Anthony Hope, and

"Quisante"

would have sold well even if published a year ago, when no elections were pending, but just now this strong political novel, which many good judges consider is Mr. Hawkins' best work, is enjoying a quite extraordinary boom.

"Mooswa," cloth gilt, \$1.50 net.
"Eleanor," paper, 75c; cloth, \$1.50; illustrated two volume holiday edition, blue and gold, \$3.00 net.
"The Master Christian," paper, 75c; cloth, \$1.25; cloth gilt, \$1.50.
"Quisante," paper, 75c; cloth, \$1.25; cloth gilt, \$1.50.

WILLIAM BRIGGS
TOKYO.

Social and Personal.

Miss Powell, Major street, and Miss Hamilton, Close avenue, assisted by Miss Bertha Golding and Messrs. George Isaacs, Arthur Rankin, Warren Kiesler, Lugsdin, Leach, Hamilton and Ritchie, gave an entertainment for the boys of the Industrial School at Mimico on Friday evening of last week, and were afterwards the guests of Mr. Ferrier of the School at supper.

Mrs. H. Wright of Tyndall avenue entertained at afternoon euchre on Wednesday, October 24, in honor of her sister, Mrs. J. Wesley Platten of New York. It was quite an impromptu affair, as Mrs. Platten and family only remained here two days on their way home, after a very enjoyable stay at Port Cockburn, Muskoka. Among those present were Mrs. S. Black, Mrs. Hepburn, Mrs. Sims, Miss Sims, Mrs. (Dr.) McMahon, Mrs. C. A. Bender, Mrs. McLeod, Miss English, Mrs. Hannon, Mrs. Higman, Miss Poole, Miss Hanlon, Mrs. G. T. Little, Mrs. W. G. Bender, Mrs. Brown, Miss Morton, Miss Dora Morton and Miss Emily Morton and others. Mr. and Mrs. Platten are now in Washington, and intend going further south before returning to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Noel Marshall are at present in New York, where they have gone to meet their cousin, Col. I. W. A. Marshall, who has been in command of the troops in Bermuda. The Colonel has been ordered to West Africa, and his wife will spend the winter with Mrs. Noel Marshall, at her home, 98 Smith street.

On October 24 Mrs. Andrew H. Reid received for the first time in her new home, 12 Roxborough street west. In the pink and green drawing-room palms and masses of pink roses repeated the tones of the decorations, and Mrs. Reid received, assisted by Miss Mary Wilson, her mother, Mrs. Dixon, and Mrs. Reid. In the tea room a dainty table was spread. The centerpiece, on which was a great vase of flowers, was the work of the bride's grandmother. Mrs. P. L. Mason presided at the tea-urn, and was assisted by Miss Margaret Reid, Miss Agnes Barron, Miss Bertha Mason and little Miss Aileen Mason. Mrs. Reid looked charming in a handsome black lace gown over pink silk, with a transparent yoke of embroidered white mousseline de soie, and touches of pink velvet.

Captain and Mrs. Kingsmill arrived home on Sunday and have since been dined, welcomed and called upon with a heartiness accepted by the knowledge that they are to be soon on their way to the Antipodes. Their flying visit to Toronto has not given their friends much time to enjoy seeing them before it is "Adieu" to the sailor bridegroom and his bonnie bride. On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore gave a dinner in honor of the bride and groom, and Miss Kingsmill gave a tea at her home in Yorkville avenue on the afternoon of the same day in honor of her new relative.

Mrs. W. Mulock, Jr., who has been quite ill with nervous prostration, has been spending some weeks at Atlantic City, and returned home a fortnight since, quite better for the change.

Mr. Joseph Montgomery, B.A., a well-known graduate of Toronto University of the class of '95, who has had charge of an important legal practice at St. Thomas, has returned to Toronto to reside, having entered into a partnership with Mr. Harry Symons, Q.C.

Several of the young men always most "en evidence" at the Yacht Club Monday hops were much missed last Monday, they having been tempted by "les beaux yeux" of Hamilton's fair ones to desert Toronto and attend the charming dance given by Mrs. Barnes at the Royal Hotel in the Ambitious City. However, cavaliers were left in plenty for the very pretty dance on our bayside.

Fall Overcoatings

The popularity of soft materials for overcoatings is more marked this season than heretofore. Blacks and greys are the most in demand.

We are showing them in every desirable design, besides we have not neglected Beavers, Meltons and Coverts.

If you purpose buying an overcoat let us show you our range.

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FRANK BRODERICK & CO.,
109 King St. West.

L. Herbert Luke

ISSUER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES
8 a.m. to 6 p.m., 156 Yonge St. Evenings at
63 Borden St.

A Question Answered

If the Pianola enables those who have absolutely no musical knowledge, to play the piano, of what interest is it to those who ARE able to play?



The
Mason
& Risch
Piano Co.
LIMITED
32 King St. West

There has been little attempt at explanation as to how the Pianola is operated, the principal object of this article being to show the desirability of the Pianola for everyone who owns a piano, whether he be skilled in its use or not. We shall be pleased to mail a complete description of the instrument upon request, although we urge all who have the opportunity to hear the Pianola for themselves. PRICE, \$75. Can be bought by instalments if desired.

Eleventh Annual GRAND Chrysanthemum Show HELD BY TORONTO GARDENERS' AND FLORISTS' ASSOCIATION ... HORTICULTURAL PAVILION ... Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday NOVEMBER 7-8-9-10 Promenade Concert Evenings and Afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday ORCHESTRA ADMISSION, 25c. CHILDREN, 15c.

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Nourish, strengthen, restore it, prevent Scurf and Grayness, and provide the natural stimulant so necessary for nourishing the roots, nothing equals

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It is unsurpassed for Children's Hair, as it forms the basis of a luxuriant growth. GOLDEN MACASSAR OIL for fair or gray hair does not stain or darken the hair or linen. Sold by stores, chemists, hairdressers or

A. ROWLAND & SONS, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

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SHEA'S THEATER

Week of Nov. 5
EVENING PRICES, 25 and 50.
MATINEES DAILY, all seats 25.

THE SCRIBNER SHOW

EZRA KENDALL

World's Greatest Monologist.

FREDERICK HALLÉN

and others.

MOLLIE FULLER

Presenting "A Desperate Pair."

CARON & HERBERT

Acrobats.

WARTENBERG BROS.

Foot Jugglers.

FISHER & CARROLL

Comedians.

JOSEPH ADELWAN

Xylophone Soloist.

LA PAGE SISTERS

Comedians.

GRANT & GRANT

Black Face Eccentrics.

EXTRA—The returns of the Elections will be read from the stage on Wednesday eve.

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